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The
DRAKIC SHOOTING IN THE RAWSON DIVORCE CASE

THE NATIONAL
POLICE GAZETTE
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

VOLUME LII.—No. 561.
Price Ten Cents.



AN ACTRESS USES A PISTOL.

MISS LE BRUN FIRES AT A MAN WHO SNEAKED INTO HER DRESSING ROOM AT ST. LOUIS, MO.



RICHARD K. FOX, Editor and Proprietor.

POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1888.

\$1.00

Pays for 13 Weeks of the Police Gazette regularly mailed to your address. Agents wanted everywhere. Sample copy mailed free.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Publisher.

THE PARADE OF THE FINEST.

The annual parade of the Metropolitan police on the 31st ult. afforded a spectacle which must have filled every New Yorker with enthusiasm. The handsomely uniformed members of the force presented a grand sight. We challenge any city in the world to produce a more attractive or better disciplined body of men than that which protects the lives and property of the citizens of this great city.

The bravery of our police is acknowledged the world over. Their deeds of heroism would fill volumes. There may be here and there a black sheep among them, but all such are weeded out of the ranks the moment they are discovered.

On the occasion in question the Board of Police Commissioners inscribed over one hundred additional names of policemen on the Roll of Honor, which was established in 1882, and has been growing with astonishing rapidity ever since. It is needless to say that these deserving men received a further token of appreciation for meritorious service in the shape of a suitable medal.

Too much praise cannot be accorded Superintendent Murray and Deputy Superintendent Byrnes for the admirable tact they displayed in the management of their faithful subordinates. Such fine generalship may be equalled, but we have yet to see it surpassed.

SOWING THE SEEDS OF ANARCHY.

It is not unusual for rowdiness to assert itself before the bar over which various exhilarating decoctions are dispensed for the refreshment of the inner man, but it is quite out of place for personal combats, in which the fist and other weapons of defence are freely used, to occur before the bar of justice. It sometimes happens that they do so, however; but there has never been a time when they were more frequent than at present. Formerly a judge sitting in court always inspired a certain degree of respect in the legal combatants who might come before him to plead their respective causes, but the day of man reverence seems to be passing away, and we are gradually reaching a period, judging from the very numerous disgraceful episodes which have lately occurred in courts of justice, when judges on the bench will be able to command no more respect than the most ordinary pettifogger.

In some sections, that we forbear to mention, this condition of things is rapidly being brought about. Court-room rowdiness—it hardly deserves a better name—is becoming of alarmingly frequent occurrence in these particular portions of the country. We say "alarmingly" because if such things continue, pretty soon there will be no respect shown for law and order at all in these sections, and they will offer a fruitful soil for the seeds of anarchy.

The other day a veritable hand-to-hand combat is alleged to have occurred before the Lexington, Ky., bar between two legal lights, one an "honorable" and the other a well-known "colonel." Again we read of a ruffianly encounter, which took place in a court-room at Charleston, S. C., which had a most serious termination. The parties to this affair were too cowardly to fight it out in a manly way by using the weapons nature gave them—their fists. They chose rather to get satisfaction out of each other after the cowboy fashion, by exchanging shots with deadly weapons. A ball recklessly fired during the fracas, struck the judge under the eye with fatal effect.

Space would not permit our mentioning all the free fights with unlawful weapons that have taken place in Southern courts, even within the past week or two. But we cannot help but deplore these evidences of lawlessness, which are far more harmful in their tendency than the worst barroom rows ever can be.

ONE DOLLAR sent to this office will pay for a three months' trial subscription to the "Police Gazette." Agents wanted wherever there is no regular newsdealer. Catalogue of our Illustrated Books mailed free on application.

MASKS AND FACES

"Let Me Spin It!"—German Plays in New York.

PRETTY VARIETY PETS.

How Actors and Actresses Bow—Facts and Fancies; Farces and Follies.

UNCLE SAM INVADERS EUROPE.

"Let me spin it. You don't know how!"



That's what Lena Merville said to a small boy with a top on an uptown street the other day. Then the brainy burlesquer spun that top so artistically, pitching it here, with such remarkable grace that a big crowd of admiring youngsters soon gathered around her.

"She's a daisy!" said one small boy. "She's a dandy!" said another small boy. Lena Merville was merely putting into practice on the street some of the boyish tricks which, as *Teddy*, in "A Bunch of Keys,"

she used to show on the stage.

"Let me spin it! You don't know how!"

Lena Merville would probably have used that phrase to every one of the would-be soubrettes who appeared in Winslow's three act agony "Town Lots" at the Bijou last week.

Allow me to give each of them a bit of advice.

Hattie Weems ought to go back to the chorus of the dear departed "Mizpah" of Fred Eustis.

Jean Delmar, Claire Harley, Lizzie Winner and Caprice Van Lissa ought to do anything but make a show of themselves on the boards.

In the restful quiet of private life they are probably charming women.

As artistes, in public, they are signal failures.

Louise Dempsey, who seemed to be the most capable woman in the cast, was given no opportunity.

The men were not much better than the women.

Jacques Kruger, as *Culpepper Meek*, founder of Culpepper City, was a disappointment to his best friends.

He walked listlessly through his part.

Charles Burke, an experienced comedian, evidently had so much to do on and behind the stage, and so little time to do it in, that he could not do himself justice.

Al Schlicht, the baritone, or bass, did well, and deserves special mention.

Try again, Mr. Winslow, and better luck next time.

Lay out your "Town Lots" anew, put good people into them, omit ridiculous and chestnutty quartettes, and, mayhap, we'll applaud you as loudly some day as we grieved you a week ago.

And Gypsy Tattersall, with her black stockings, and her short skirts, and her big diamonds, and her awkward gesticulation, and her dowdy doll dancing, let her remain on the other side of the ocean, as saith the organ grinder, three thousand miles away.

I would like to know why any manager needs to import a dancer like that young woman now a-days.

Run your eye along the variety ranks and see how many agile, graceful, capable daughters of Terpsichore you'll find right here among us.

You recall in an instant George Parker, Belle Clifton, Sadie Lane, Annie Hughes, Mary Hornby, Flora Hastings, why, any one of them is better than Gypsy Tattersall.

I have no special prejudice against that dancer.

I simply want to put on record that diamonds cannot take the place of talent.

Actors and actresses have returned from the road. What bowing, and drinking, and mashing, and death-heading among them!

What a lot of idle and disjointed chatter!

Kylie Bellew has obtained a divorce.

Mrs. James Brown Potter is now billed as plain Mrs. Potter.

Sadie Martinot and Bertie Damon are going to star next season.

Gus Heckler is in politics just now.

I saw him breezy, busy and bustling the day before he left town for the convention out west.

All the world's a stage, and even politicians are players.

"This afternoon," Blakely Hall writes in his usual interesting strain to the *Sun* about some of our actors and supposed actresses in Paris, "on the Champs Elysees, carriage after carriage rolled by with faces that are almost as familiar to New Yorkers as Fifth Avenue itself. In one of them was Francis Wilson, the Casino comedian, who stopped long enough to say that he had settled in an apartment formerly belonging to a member of the Bourbon aristocracy across the Seine, and was living among people who had never heard the English language spoken."

"I go to the theatre," Mr. Wilson said, "morning, noon and night. It is an ingenious scheme I have for recreation when not playing myself. Parisians are miles behind us in stage settings, costuming, and in the general production of their pieces, and they lack the art of bringing their acts to a close with fitting climaxes, but in the matter of pantomime, facial expression, and what may be described under the general

name of manner, they are infinitely superior to the actors and actresses at home."

Immediately after Wilson had passed, Mr. Frank Lord, who has grown more corpulent even than Howell Osborne, drove by, and then in rapid succession followed a group of American burlesque actresses including Fay Templeton, Molly Fuller, Josie Hall, Alma Vary, and four or five others of perhaps lesser note, but equally gorgeous in attire."



Bob Hilliard, I hear, is to have a benefit.

I wonder why.

Does he need new summer suits, or neckwear, or gloves, or perfume bottles, or patent leather shoes, or note paper?

Have his cigars run out, are his handkerchiefs torn, is he in need of new silk hose?

Perhaps his services to the stage have been so great that an enthusiastic public should, by their shekels, give him a signal testimonial of their admiration.

Why should Bob have a benefit?

I really don't know; I can't understand.

If I compiled a dictionary, I would put it somewhat in this wise:

Benefit, see Imposition.

Imposition, see Benefit.

Manager Amberg, who has now opened a series of summer performances at Terrace Garden, deserves credit for his winter's work at the Thalia.

During the time Boett, Possart, and Barnay were in New York, no less than seventy-eight pieces were produced.

Here are some of them:

The operatic works included Fra Diavolo, Trovatore, Martha, Postilion of Longjumeau, Alessandro Stradella, White Lady, Huguenots, Freischutz, Belle Helene, Gypsy Baron, Boccaccio, Seamstress, Bat, Beggar Student, and Mannschaft au Bord.

Here you will please order "Zwei Lager!" and take a smoke.

Of plays there were Ein Tropfen, Gift, Familie Bucholz, Eine Volkommene Frau, Monsieur Hercules, Inspector Brasig, Aus der Franzosenzeit, Jochem Paset, Dorchlauchting, Hannah Nute, Mein Leopold, Hasemann's Tochter, Der Hypochonder, Onkel Bragis's letzte Stunden, Du trogst de Pann weg, Goldfische, Bluthnchzeit, Schneewittchen, Freund Fritz, Merchant of Venice, Narciss, Nathan der Weis, Konig's Befehl, Richard III, Egmont, Die Rauber, King Lear, Parthie Piquet, Othello.

At this point you can order two more lagers and eat a plate of pretzels. You need a rest.

I continue the list:

Marie Stuart, Deborah, Kabale and Liebe, Don Carlos, Faust, Manfred, Die Jungfrau von Orleans, Uriel Acosta, Journalisten Hamlet, Kean, Wilhelm Tell, Wallenstein's Tod, Doctor Klaus, Napoleon.

You would imagine you were in Berlin or Vienna instead of in New York.

One thing is certain, the winter season at the Thalia was a profitable one.

Possart took away over \$26,000 as his share of the spoils.

The quotation which Dunlap, of *Stage News*, makes from poet Hood,

The melancholy days have come,
The saddest of the year;
The actor broke, and not a bloke
Is round to buy him beer.

Is a very appropriate quotation just now.

There are two men in the public eye at the present day who have a grand way in taking off their hats.

These two men are Frank Mayo and Buffalo Bill.

We all remember with what a lordly sweep Mayo, as *D'Artagnan*, in the "Royal Guard," doffs his plumed chapeau.

When Buffalo Bill, as he passed the grand stand on Decoration Day, saluted the President the crowd burst into applause.

The mien and gesture with which the salute was made were truly magnificent.

It is said that George IV. used to study the stage manners of Edmund Kean.

The Prince of Wales could well take tips in grace and bearing from Buffalo Bill.

Have you ever noticed how some of our actresses answer a gentleman's bow on the street?

I have made a few comparative studies on the subject, and I'll give you the result.

Agnes Booth bows in a heavy, matronly fashion. Selina Dolaro bows like a foreigner, waits till you've bowed to her.

Minnie Maddern is absent minded, and generally bows when almost past the gentleman.

Marie Burroughs looks straight ahead when on the street, and rarely bows at all.

Mrs. Eldridge bows to everybody, slowly, deliberately, and then stops to shake hands and chat.

Annie Russell makes a timid, hasty bow.

Jennie Yeatman and Alice Harrison bow somewhat as you'd imagine messenger boys in a hurry would bow.

Kate Forsythe and Maude Granger incline the head with studied, stagey inclinations.

Verona Jarbeau fires at you a volley of nods and smiles.

Modjeska affects the stately, languorous bow.

Bertha Ricci has a chipper, jolly bow.

Pauline Hall has a dignified bow.

Marion Eric has a bow as sweet as her voice.

Bows, why a fellow could classify actresses' bows as scientifically as Harry Edwards classifies his bugs, beetles and butterflies.

Harry Cortis gives me bits of variety news.

Harry Kelly married Leona Fontaine last week, he tells me, and Mark Murphy, of Murray and Murphy, acted as best man.

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Miss St. George Hussey will produce a character in the comedy "Going It," soon to be played at Tony Pastor's.

Miss Minnie Emery and Miss Emilie Pearl are making names for themselves as popular ballad singers.

Tommy Morrissey is a success as a soft shoe dancer. All over the country our variety favorites have been having their spring fling.

Josie Sutherland was as popular as ever in Chicago, Illinois.

Millie May captured the house in Newark, N. J.

Lillie Billington is the pet of the boys of Minneapolis, Minn.

Louise Lewellyn got many encores when in Kansas City, Mo.

Let's look abroad.

It doesn't take strong glasses to see that our countrymen and countrywomen are doing well.

Ada Rehan has made a hit in London.

Blanche Roosevelt is popular in Paris.

Marie Van Zandt is a favorite in St. Petersburg.

Marguerite Fish, when abroad, was a pet in Vienna.

Now she is a pet of the Germans of New York.

Harry Dixey, I hear, is going to travel with Sommerthal through Germany this summer.

The tragedian and the comedian are great friends.

Richard Mansfield, who has just opened a four weeks' stay at the Madison Square, will appear under the auspices of Irving.

Mrs. Burnett has given them "Little Lord Fauntleroy," and a go it is.

Decidedly the nephews and nieces of Uncle Sam are giving Dame Europe something to talk about.

We used to be known abroad only for our wash wringers, our sewing machines, our patent medicines, our artificial teeth.

Now our tragedians, comedians, singers, novelists, playwrights give us name and fame across the sea.

I learn that Billie Barlow and Jennie McNulty have captured a considerable number of the crutch and toothpick brigade in London.

There are plenty of dudes who remember them in New York.

I bet "Paul Kauvar," by Steele Mackaye, and "Henrietta," by Bronson Howard, would take on the other side.

That excellent play, "Held by the Enemy," was certainly an attraction there.

The time will come when the managers of London will be as anxious to get our novelties as the managers of New York and Boston are now anxious to get theirs.

If pretty women can make "The Crystal Slipper" a success, a success it will assuredly be.

Mr. David Henderson, of Chicago, and Capt. Alfred Thompson, of New York, have conspired to gather a bevy of beauties for their summer spectacular burlesque.

There is the fair-haired Villers, the dark-eyed Yohe, the lithe Stetson, the aristocratic and handsome Grace Filkins.

I know several fellows who wouldn't mind putting crystal slippers on the feet of any one of these ladies.

I overheard a conversation between our dude friends Van Humberg and Van Noodle the other night.

They were discussing a certain chorus girl.

"What do you run after Ray Folly for? She's homely as sin."

"I admire her inner charms; I don't care for external beauty."

"Then for heaven's sake turn her inside out!"

Here is what I heard McClellan, the bright feuilletonist, say to a pretty singer the other night.

A bottle of champagne stood on the table.

"I'd be willing to drink nothing, so you poured it out."

There's gallantry for you.

The original Moretti, keeper of the restaurant where Billy Florence, and Charley Backus, and Tammaso Salvini, and John T. Raymond used to harpoon the elusive spaghetti and sip the luscious wines of Italy, has retired from business.

Another landmark of New York is gone.

What singers and dancers, comedians and tragedians used to gather there!

What yarns and anecdotes and gags floated through those smoky rooms!

One night I heard Edward Michael, of the *Amusement Gazette*, get off this parody as he came out of the famous hostelry:

M i voice e husk,
O, gata Sanduskil!
Sic semper macaroni,
Fariate brandi poni,
Dommo con banana,
E tu fir five Havana.

Sileto!
Maladetto!
Cospetto!
Donforgetto!

ROSEN

MURDER WILL OUT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

On Monday morning last two young men on their way to work in Portsmouth, N. H., discovered the body of Henry E. Whitehouse, aged twenty-two years, lying on Noble's Island shore, near that city. The body was terribly disfigured. The throat was cut from ear to ear. It is supposed that he was killed on the highway near the railroad track and dragged to the shore, a trail of blood being discernible.

CHLOROFORMED AND DROWNED.

Nelson Leater, a farmer residing about three miles from Lancaster, Ky., was found dead in a pond of water a few days ago. When lifted from the water a strong odor of chloroform issued from his mouth.

Whether he committed suicide or met with foul play cannot be ascertained. Leater was to have been married next week to a young widow at Nicholasville.

He was thought to be worth \$100,000, and was the habit of carrying large sums of money upon his person. No money was found upon him.

BASEBALL GOSSIP.

The Boys Who Have Won
Distinction on the Dia-
mond Field.



John T. Brush.

The president of the Indianapolis baseball club, whose portrait heads this column, hails from St. Lawrence county, New York. He went west some thirteen years ago, and finally settled in Indianapolis, starting in the clothing business on a small scale, but being a great advertiser, he soon increased his business, until at present he has not only the largest clothing establishment in Indianapolis, but in the State of Indiana. Mr. Brush has always been an admirer of baseball, and a year ago he accepted the presidency of the club, and has been at the helm ever since.

Among the last of the old back numbers is Jack Nelson, of the Buffalo club. Jack has served his country faithfully on the diamond field for about twenty-five years, and it is the impression of many that he has outlived his usefulness on the ball field. A man cannot last forever, and if the old man does not retire on his laurels pretty soon he will have none to retire on.

Anson says it is hard to learn old dogs new tricks. Is that the reason why he has so many pups on his team?

The Brandywine club has lost its pitcher, as it is claimed he got hot and killed an Italian, and is now in the cooler at Wilmington. He must have had a jag on him, judging from his club.

The Louisville are improving in their work every day, and getting baseball down to a science. On Sunday last they played nine innings without making a base hit, a feat seldom accomplished by any club.

When a minor league club like Omaha is foolish enough to give \$3,200 to a pitcher, is it any wonder ball players get swelled heads, and the clubs go broke before the season is half over?

About once or twice a year some one gets off the old chestnut that John McLean, of the Cincinnati Enquirer, has offered to purchase some club or another, but, strange as it may be, the sale is never consummated, while the paragraph goes the rounds of the papers. The latest is that he has offered Hewitt \$22,500 for the Washington club. Just what he would do with them if he had them it is a difficult matter to tell, unless it would be to sandwich each man between signs advertising his paper, and start them off through the country to make good the threadbare bluffs he has been uttering respecting the buying out of some club in order to advertise himself and his paper.

The Cleveland people are anxious to have the statement nailed as a lie "that their club will be in the Tri-State League next season, because its present company is too 'fast' and their expenses too heavy."

If ever any ball players had good, solid satisfaction that tickled them away up their backs, it was the Kansas City gang when they downed the Brooklyn twice.

Shomberg, of the Indianapolis team, after being laid up for three weeks, is just able to walk without crutches. He will be a trifle more careful in the future, as experience is a good teacher.

Morris has been doing nearly all of the winning pitching for the Pittsburgh club, while Galvin has been doing the bluffing and blowing. If the latter had less wind and more ability he would be a valuable man, but as he stands anybody can have him that will pay the expressage.

That celebrated bluffer, Charley Sweeney, tried his hand at pitching a game, but it did not take him long to discover that he was a disgusting phenomenal of the past.

Cincinnati struck a snag when she brushed up against Baltimore, and only succeeded in getting one single hit off "Phenomenal Smith."

It makes a person weary to read the jackass criticisms on Ferguson's umpiring by the Baltimore scribes. Of all the miserable excuses for an umpire and a man of dignity and manhood Decker takes the lead. He is noted for favoring the home club, but that kind of business don't do in New York, as the public will not tolerate any dirty work. They want to see games won on their merits or not at all. On Decoration Day Decker decided Smith safe at second base. It was a close call and a play that could be given either way. There were over thirteen thousand people present, and many of the "cranks" hissed Decker, who, to the thorough disgust of the entire assemblage and even the few fools who hissed, reversed his decision like a contemptible cur. It was so dastardly that the crowd gaped him during the remainder of the game.

It does not always pay to have a foul mouth, as Umpire McQuaid soaked Fennelly \$50 and Carpenter \$25 for being a little slobbery and letting some filthy talk roll down over their chins.

McGarr was the making of a good ball player when he was with the Athletics, but it took Comiskey to develop him.

The Cincinnati boasted all spring about what they were going to do with the Brooklyn, but a sicker lot of ball players never lived than the Cincinnati were after Brooklyn served them up twice Decoration Day.

Everybody throughout the country was dumfounded over the result of the Decoration Day games in Washington. The idea of the great Chicagoos being turned upside down and spanked by a dub club like the Washingtons certainly illustrates the marvelous uncertainty of baseball.

The Cincinnati club has paid the fines imposed by Umpire McQuaid upon Fennelly and Carpenter. This is one of the ways of encouraging the players to use abusive and insulting language to the umpires. What is the use of making rules unless you intend to live up to them?

Horace Phillips, the famous temperance advocate, now managing the Pittsburgh club, was in New York city on Decoration Day. He had been very busy with the morning game, and was as hungry as a wolf at its conclusion. Never having been in a beer saloon before, and seeing a bountiful spread in the shape of free lunch, he went into Emil Eitel's saloon, on the diagonal corner from the grand stand entrance of the Polo Ground, mistaking it for a restaurant. He rushed over to the refrigerator, turned on the beer faucet and commenced to wash his hands and face vigorously. Eitel sprang over and turned it off, saying, "Man, dis vos not water, it vos beer." "Beer?" responded Phillips, "why, where is the water?" He was escorted to the wash basin, and in a few minutes more Eitel caught him rooting through the ice box. "Vat you vant now, hay?" shouted Eitel. "I am looking for a towel," meekly replied the advocate.

Brooklyn is playing a very uneven game, and batting only in spurts.—*Sporting Life*. How they did *spurt* when they got at the Cincinnati, who are thoroughly convinced now that they play a very even game.

The Philadelphia reporters are very foolish to send a challenge to such old and tried experts as the New York reporters, who have only lost one game in the past twenty years.

During the first game in New York city, Saturday last, between the New York and Indianapolis clubs, Glasscock indulged in a trick that the meanest man on earth should shudder at the very thought of. Tiernan, after making a base hit, had made a clean steal to second. The ball was thrown to Glasscock by the catcher. There was no earthly chance to put out Tiernan, although Glasscock deliberately, if not maliciously, ran over and stepped full upon Tiernan's outstretched hand, spiking him so badly that he had to retire from the game. A man to be guilty of a low-lived, cowardly trick like this ought to be tarred and feathered and rotten-egged out of the business, as a man could easily be injured for life by one of these unprincipled skunks.

This thing of a lady presenting a gilded horseshoe, daintily tied with sweetly scented watered pink ribbon, accompanied by a note of good wishes for good luck, is very romantic, but it don't look right, as John Morrill is a married man, and it is doubtful if the gift is thoroughly appreciated by Mrs. Morrill, even if it is to be hung in the room of the players.

Latham is a regular clown on the ball field, but, nevertheless, he is very popular, and especially with the Brooklyn public. His antics are certainly very amusing as well as original.

Big John Kelly will have to go back to umpiring if he does not look sharp, as in his frantic efforts to make the boys play ball and win games, he has made himself very unpopular with the gang. Two much discipline is worse than none at all.

Already the St. Louis Browns are finding fault with the new staff of crack umpires. This is quite natural, for anybody that Comiskey and his gang cannot bulldoze they have no use for.

They say Harry Wright, manager of the Philadelphia club, is the father of eleven children. There is one thing certain—Harry is not one of the kind that wastes any time.

President Soden poured a can of kerosene oil down his back and then set fire to it. He was not trying to commit suicide, but only wanted to get real warm under his collar before he went at Lynch, the umpire. He followed him into the dressing-room and gave him such a lacing that Lynch trembled like a leaf, and has given all close decisions to the Boston club ever since.

Manager Harry Spence says that his Hoosier team is bound to get as good as fifth position this season.—*Boston Globe*. Yes, and they will get as good as first place if they are allowed to spike all the first-class players in the business, as Glasscock spiked Tiernan. The sooner the attention of the public is called to the dirty work of the Indianapolis players, the quicker the evil can be remedied.

The Reds' friends here—and they are legion—gather around the different tickers and watch the score attentively every day the teams play.—*Cincinnati Enquirer*. They must have been a pretty sick looking legion on Decoration Day, when the Brooklyn not only downed them twice, but wrenched first place from their grasp.

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OUR PORTRAITS.

Men and Women Who
Find Pictorial Fame in
These Columns.



Earl W. Harris.

Earl W. Harris, the present and efficient chief of the Little Falls (N. Y.) police, was born Jan. 28, 1855, in Fultonville, N. Y. He has served as chief under the board of trustees for thirteen months, and for the past two years under the Fire and Police Commissioners. He has made many clever and important arrests, once risking his life by jumping from a moving train after a convict, one of three he had in charge bound for prison. The convict slipped his handcuffs and jumped the train. Securing the other two to a seat, the chief followed and captured his man, landing all three safely in jail.

Hicks Carmichael.

Among our criminal portraits this week we present the repulsive features of Hicks Carmichael, who was recently sentenced to be hung at Knoxville, Tenn., on July 20 next, for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Shippe.

James F. Caldwell.

James F. Caldwell, or "Gabe" as he is best known among the racing fraternity, is now presiding over the flag on the Jerome Park track. He is a determined man, strict disciplinarian, cool-headed and even-tempered, and just the man for the starter's box.

Charles Kaulbersch.

Charles Kaulbersch is a New York boy, a member of the Manhattan Athletic Club, and one of the club's team who lately visited England, where he won a 25-mile race, the achievement being made at Leicester. He is fifteen years of age and a very fast sprinter.

Jim.

Jim is a pure white bull terrier, one of the celebrated Wood Campbell's "Pepper" strain. He is three years old, weighs just ten pounds, and every ounce of him is full of fight. He has won several fights, and made a record at rat baiting. His owner, handsome Dick Toner, will match him at either of the two games against any dog of his weight in the country for \$300 to \$500 a side.



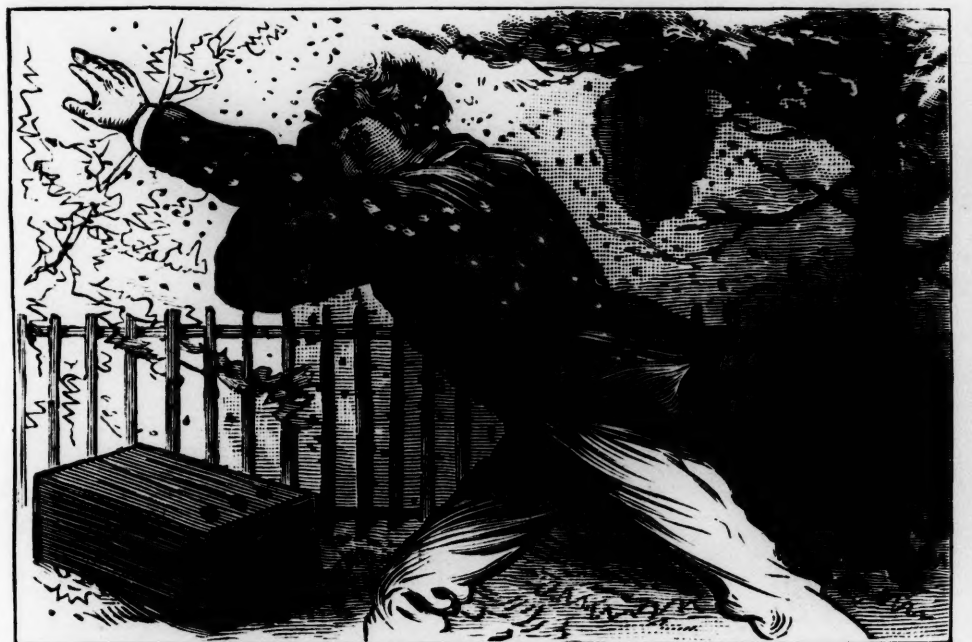
JENNIE WILLIAMS,
THE PRETTY SOUBRETTE WHOSE SINGING AND DANCING ARE MAKING HER POPULAR.



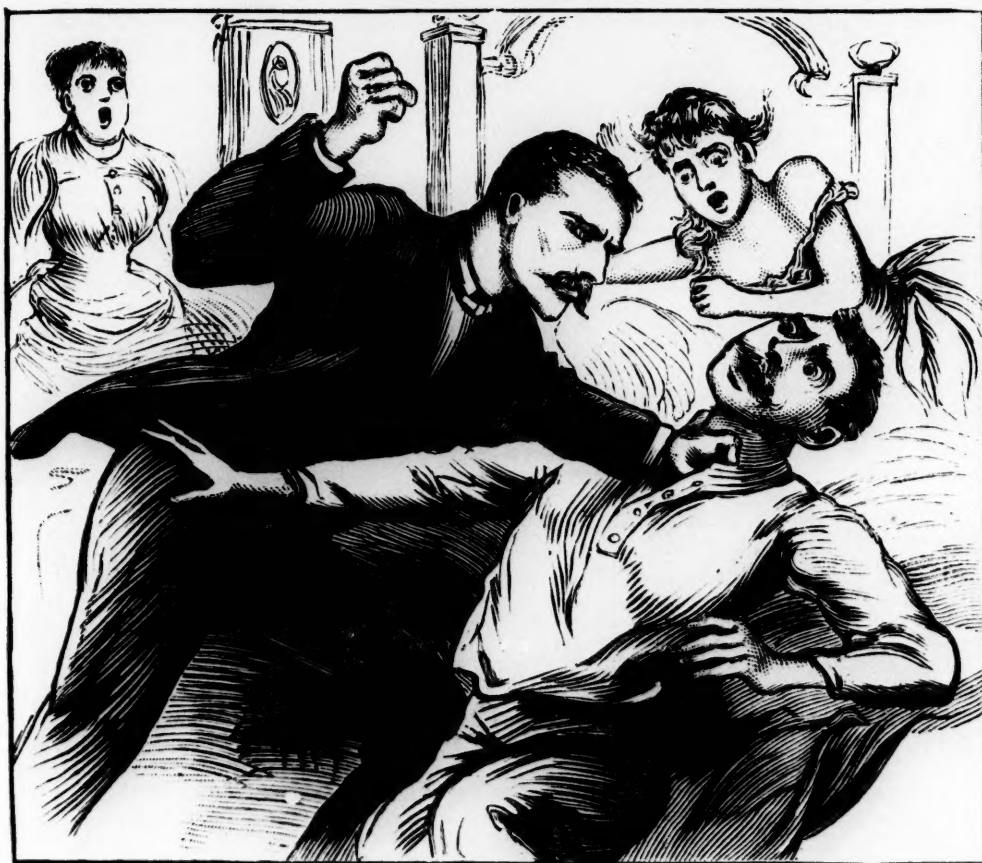
H. R. JACOBS,
THE ENTERPRISING AND POPULAR MANAGER OF MANY FAVORITE THEATRES.



MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.
FINDING OF THE BODIES OF REUBEN DRAKE, HIS WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN BRUTALLY MURDERED NEAR VIROQUA, WIS.



SWARMED ON HIS HEAD.
THE TERRIBLE EXPERIENCE OF A FARMER NEAR XENIA, OHIO, WHILE HIVING A FAMILY OF BEES.



THRASHED THE LIBERTINE.
GEO. CHUMASERO OF WICHITA, KAN., GETS BADLY PUMMELED FOR HIS ALLEGED CRIMINAL INTIMACY WITH MRS. C. A. MILES.



FUN OVER THE "JIMJAMS."
POLICEMAN BROWNAWELL OF HARRISBURG, PA., AND A WELL-KNOWN CHARACTER FIGURE IN AN AMUSING INCIDENT.



THE FIEND HAD THE ADVANTAGE.
CHARLES GRAMM ATTEMPTS MURDER AT EAST ALBANY, N. Y.,
BY STONING HIS PROSTRATE VICTIM.



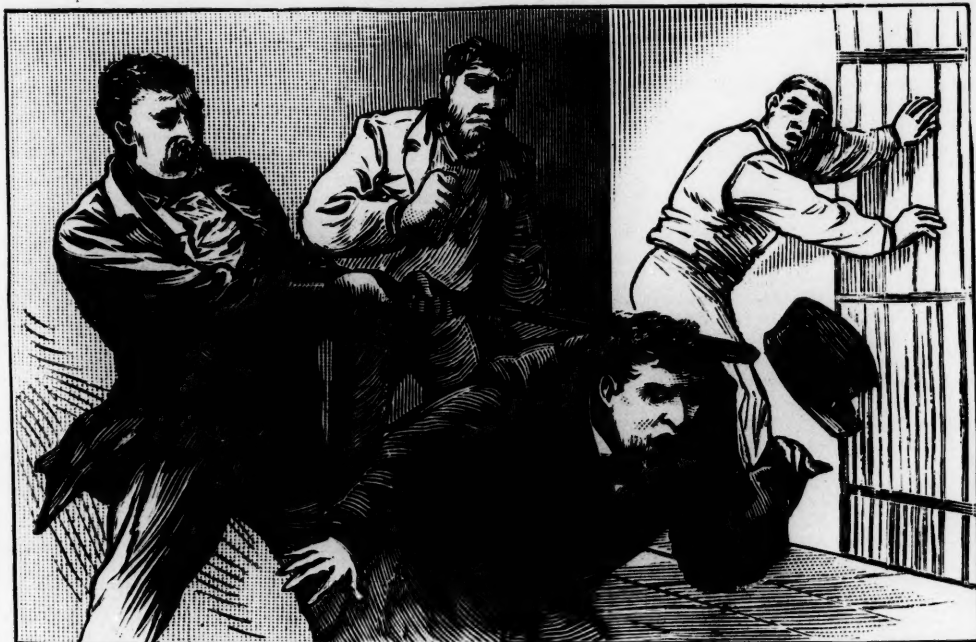
AMOS H. TYLER,
WHO SHOT DENTIST WM. F. GILROY, WHOM HE CHARGES WITH
BETRAYING HIS DAUGHTER.



HICKS CARMICHAEL,
SENTENCED TO BE HUNG AT KNOXVILLE, TENN., FOR THE MURDER
OF DEPUTY SHERIFF SHIPE.



SHE HAD THE NERVE.
A POPULAR YOUNG LADY OF BIRMINGHAM, ALA., ENCOUNTERS
A NEGRO IN HER CHAMBER AT MIDNIGHT.



BRAINED THE SHERIFF.
THE WAY THREE PRISONERS IN THE MONTICELLO, INDIANA, JAIL FOUGHT THEIR
WAY TO LIBERTY.



THROTTLED BY A DETECTIVE.
HOW A PLAINFIELD, NEW JERSEY, SPOUSE SECURED EVIDENCE FOR THE BASIS OF
A SENSATIONAL DIVORCE SUIT.



A TRAGEDY IN EARNEST
WHILE A SCHOOL EXHIBITION IS IN PROGRESS NEAR BEATRICE, NEBRASKA, A
WEAPON EXPLODES WITH FATAL EFFECT.



RESCUED IN THE NICK OF TIME.
LIGHTHOUSE KEEPER MCNIEL AT BRIDGEPORT, CONNECTICUT, IMPERILS HIS OWN
LIFE TO SAVE THAT OF ANOTHER.

CUT HER THROAT.

Mike Showlder Commits a
Horrible Murder at
Pittsburg, Pa.

THE MOTIVE FOR THE DEED

Was to Get Rid of a
Witness at a
Lawsuit.

THE MURDERER'S COOLNESS.



HAVE killed Mrs. Mullen, but keep it quiet," was Mike Showlder's whispered warning to two of his neighbors, at Pittsburg, Pa., on the morning of the 2th ult.

In a dingy little basement kitchen of a two story frame house on Shaffer street, Thirteenth ward, Mrs. Mullen lay gasping her last breath, while her murderer, with his hands yet wet with the blood of his victim, was imparting the information of his horrible deed to two women who stood talking on the street. He was cool and self-collected, and after warning the women walked deliberately up Shaffer street to Bedford and disappeared.

About eleven o'clock Officer Hugh Madison ran against him on Bedford avenue on his way back to the house. The patrol wagon was called, and he was taken to the Eleventh Ward Station-house. He resisted the officers, and it required the combined efforts of four men to get him to the patrol wagon. As soon as the news of his arrest was made known the crowd began to gather around him, and it is said that fully 500 people followed to the station-house. There he was searched, but the knife with which he did the cutting was not found. He evidently had thrown it away or hid it somewhere.

There were no eye witnesses to the crime, except a four-year-old child, the son of Mrs. Mullen. He ran screaming up the street, and when he met Phillip Gatewood, a colored man who lives a few doors away, cried: "Mike Showlder is cutting my mamma." Gatewood ran down to the house, but was afraid to go in, as everybody in that neighborhood is afraid of Showlder. He is considered a dangerous man. Finally he saw Mike walking out of the house, and he ventured down to the kitchen, the little boy leading the way. When he entered the room he spoke to the woman, and she opened her eyes. He says she breathed twice or three times after he entered.

It was shortly before nine o'clock that Mike was seen talking to Mrs. Mullen over the fence which separates the two lots, the Showlder family and the Mullen family being next door neighbors. They were talking in a low tone, and nothing was thought of it by the other neighbors. Even Mike's mother saw them talking there, and says she heard Mike saying: "Bob will fix it up this evening," alluding to a lawsuit between the Mullens and Showlders. She, not thinking of any serious trouble, went to a neighbor's on an errand, and was not at home when the murder occurred.

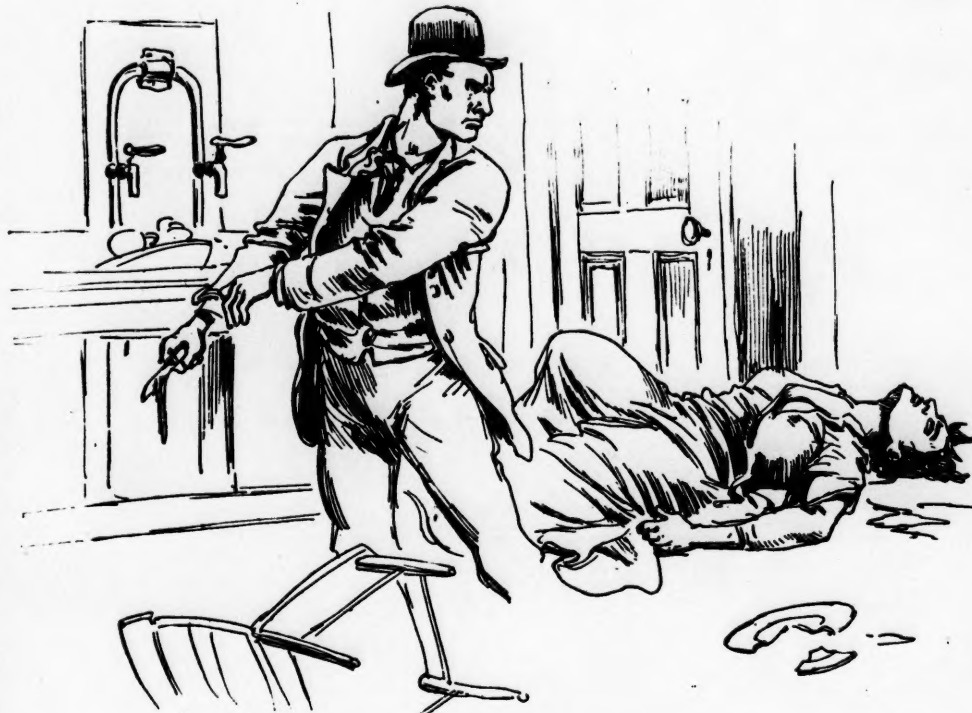
Mrs. Mullen was washing in the back yard. Mike jumped over the fence and she ran into the basement

the fence. His only attempt at concealment was his injunction to Mrs. King and Mrs. Cooper, the two ladies he met on the street. To them he said: "I have killed Mrs. Mullen, but keep it quiet." The woman says he was not the least bit excited or unconcerned. He took matters as coolly as if it had been an affair of which there was little importance. He was in no hurry to get away. He walked slowly up Shaffer street to Bedford, the distance of about half a square, and no one paid enough attention to see which way he went when he got there.

The affair thoroughly aroused the neighborhood. All

other charge. A hearing was to be held this evening. It was about the settlement of this case that the quarrel began this morning.

Mrs. Mullen, the murdered woman, is the wife of James Mullen, a scrap iron peddler. Her husband went off this morning with his horse and wagon as usual, leaving his wife washing and his little four-year-old boy playing in the yard. Up to eleven o'clock he had not been notified of the terrible affair, as no one knew where to find him. Mullen owns his own property, has lived on Shaffer street for thirteen years, and has a good reputation. The Showlders are renters



THE FIEND CALMLY SURVEYS HIS BLOODY WORK.

the people in the vicinity flocked in and the place was surrounded by an excited, anxious throng when the police arrived and took charge of the house. As soon as Gatewood, the colored man, found the woman was dead he went directly to the brickyard, about a square away, and notified the Eleventh ward police station. The captain in turn notified the mayor's office, and Assistant Superintendent O'Mara, Inspector McAleese, Coulson and McKelvy started for the house. There was little for them to learn more than what has been stated. Showlder was gone, and they immediately put out on his track.

The scene in the room where the murdered woman lay was one of the most horrible and revolting that

and have lived next door neighbors to the Mullens for four years. Mrs. Mullen was about forty-five years of age, and the mother of six children. She was a quiet woman and well liked by her neighbors.

Mike Showlder is a man of twenty-seven years of age, and about the toughest-looking citizen one could find anywhere. He is of light complexion, light hair, light eyes, and is a shearsman at Hussey, Howe & Co.'s mill. When arrested he was apparently on his way back to the house where he had done the deed.

The inquest will be held to-morrow morning at the coroner's office. The body has been removed to the morgue.

BLUECOATS ON PARADE.

The finest police in the world marched up Broadway on their annual parade May 31. The rain fell throughout the entire march, but the jolly cops were equal to the emergency, and made a grand display.

The procession consisted of five battalions of police, preceded by seventy members of the mounted squad, who formed the five front lines of the order of march.

The battalion halted at Thirtieth street and Fifth avenue, where they were drawn up in line. Mayor Hewitt, as reviewing officer, with Superintendent Murray, rode along the line in an open carriage, followed by the Commissioners in other carriages. Superintendent Murray was ably assisted in his excellent management of the parade by Deputy Superintendent Byrnes.

The men who were to receive the honorable mention medals then formed in line at the head of the column, and were presented with the new medals, formed of silver and bronze, by President Stephen B. French, at the stand in front of the Worth Monument.

The battalion of heroes, as they stood at place rest modestly receiving the plaudits of thousands of spectators, included the following:

Superintendent—William Murray.
Chief Inspector—Thomas Byrnes.
Inspector—Henry V. Steers.

Captains—William McClaghlin, Edward Slevin, John McCullagh, Ira S. Garland, Charles McDonnell, William Schultz, John H. McCullagh, Thomas A. Ryan, George W. Gastlin, John Sanders.

Sergeants—James E. Price, John Hatten, Thomas Farley, John D. Herlihy, James Donovan, Thomas Reilly, Charles Gran-



"THAT MAN IS CUTTIN' UP ME MOTHER."

could be pictured. Mrs. Mullen lay in the corner of the room, with her feet partly under the stove. In the scuffle the waist of her dress had been torn off and the upper part of her body was almost naked. On the right side of her neck was a deep cut, which completely severed the jugular vein. The blood had run down under the stove and stood in a deep dark pool. On the stove was a wash-boiler full of clothes, which the woman had been washing. Beside the cut in her throat there was a cut about two inches long in her arm, which she evidently had received in trying to ward off the blows of the knife. The right hand was thrown carelessly across the breast, while the left, which contained the cut, lay down at the side. The hair, which hung down her back, was matted and stained with the blood, and her face was so covered with blood that one could scarcely tell what she looked like. The sergeant of the Eleventh ward police station had charge of the house, but the importunities to see the murdered woman were so great that he could not resist the demands, and a constant crowd was going and coming.

There has been trouble between the Mullens and Mike Showlder for four years. This morning's tragedy was but the fatal termination of an old feud. They have constantly quarreled ever since the Showlders moved into the neighborhood. On Saturday last Mike chased Mrs. Mullen up stairs with an ax. He swore he would kill her. He said to Mrs. Corbett, a woman who lives in the neighborhood, that he would "kill that of a Mullen." He told some of the other neighbors that he would kill Mrs. Mullen. He has been drinking hard of late. He formerly worked for Hussey, Howe & Co., but has not been at the mill for some time. According to the story the neighbors tell, he has been devoting himself assiduously to drinking. He is very quarrelsome, and, when in drink, dangerous. The people in that vicinity who know him were afraid of him. Even his old mother acknowledges that Mike is a bad man. She says when he is in drink he is dangerous. He was not drunk this morning, but he may have had several drinks. On Saturday he broke open the door of Mrs. Mullen's house and chased the woman up stairs with an ax. Mrs. Mullen entered suit against him before Squire Miller, charging him with forcible entry, assault with intent to kill, and one

Shier, James Quigley, Michael Farley, William H. Denves, John McDowell, Thomas McCormack, Chauncey T. Quintard, Herman Weise, Patrick H. Marron, John Breen, Patrick F. Byrnes and Oscar Wayne.

Patrolmen—John McCann, Patrick Brogan, Denis O'Hara, John T. Clarke, George M. Skidmore, John J. Meagher, John J. Brogan, James Dougherty, Alonzo Powell, James Rehan, James Ryan, Thomas Burkitt, John S. Fulton, John Watson, James J. Conner, Abram Livingston, Miles Keon, John Crimmon, Michael Cooney, Michael Carey, James Taggart, George Reigel, George Murdock, Thomas Gleason, Denis Murphy, Manus McBride, Bernard Kiernan, Thomas Gilbride, John Kelly, John M. Genore, Andrew J. Bradley, James McCool, Martin Finnerty, Richard Cahill, James Duncan, George Bicknell, Joseph Johnson, George H. Helen, Patrick Babbett, Patrick Walsh, John McGlinchey, Patrick Green, John Cottrell, Patrick McGloin, Phillip Biell, Michael Walsh, Herman Internan, George W. Kiernan, John Kavanagh, William J. Huston, William Nelson, Harry Green, Thomas Kearney, Richard Ennis and Seldon A. Woodruff.

TEEMER AND THE CUP.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

In this issue we give a full-page portrait of John Teemer of McKeesport, Pa., champion oarsman of America and holder of the elegant and unique "Police Gazette" challenge cup, for which Teemer challenges the world to compete. This cup is the most valuable rowing trophy ever offered for competition and cost \$1,000.

The cup stands thirty-six inches high, or with the pedestal forty-eight inches. The elaborate cover alone is over twenty-three inches high, and the diameter of the bowl eighteen inches, increased to twenty-four if the handles are included. It rests upon four open-work feet of silver and gold, wrought out in a design somewhat Egyptian in character. The base of silver is bordered with a fluting of bright gold, giving a very deep, rich effect to this part. The burnished silver stem has applied upon each side laurel wreaths of dead gold, and in front a circular medallion, in which is a photograph of the donor, Mr. Fox. Upon the upper border of a somewhat shallow bowl, and surrounding its entire circumference, is the representation of a harbor view. This is in low relief and one of the artistic features of the piece. Here are seen numerous yachts and other sea craft, each with hull of gold and sails of silver standing off against a golden sky. Upon the shore are crowded the buildings of a large city represented in oxidized work, and forming a luxurious contrast with the silver and gold which predominates in other portions of the scene. The handles of stem and leaf decoration completes this section of the cup. The lower edge of the cover is bordered with a gold ornamentation resembling a style of work very popular during the seventeenth century, and designated by the artists of that period as "egg and tongue" decoration. Above this rises a dome of burnished silver, ornamented upon each side with a design of silver satin work, relieved with engravings in gold of foliage, etc. Between these designs, and in front of the dome, is an engraved representation of a spirited single scull race, showing the finish, and in the background a vast number of spectators upon the grand stand. It is one of the finest and most realistic specimens of workmanship possible to the graver. On either side of the dome and occupying a small platform, are statuettes of oarsmen holding boat hook in the right hand. The flesh of these figures is represented in bronze silver like the color which exposure to the sun gives to the human skin. The rowing costumes are of dark reddish color, the hose of deep gold and the shoes oxidized black. Above the dome is another border of gold matching the one below. The top, which rises from this part, is vase-shaped and of burnished silver. On either side protrudes the head of a fox or dead gold, and a little above these upon the front and back are golden oars and American flags (showing the colors) crossed and held by laurel wreaths of gold. The whole is surmounted with a statuette of a fox in gold upon a burnished silver platform. The pedestal is of steel finish, relieved with bands of gold. No description or illustration, however, can portray the beautiful effect of the color work in the varied finish of dead and lustrous surface.

CHICAGO'S BIG SENSATION.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

CHICAGO, June 1.—Mrs. Meekie L. Rawson, who has been suing her millionaire husband for alimony and solicitor's fees, made an attempt on the life of Attorney H. C. Whitney, counsel for Banker Rawson, in Judge Jamieson's court this morning. The lawyer is now lying at his home with a bullet in the fleshy part of the right leg, near the groin. Had he not crawled under a desk he would probably have been killed.

Early yesterday morning Judge McAllister, of the Appellate Court, in passing upon Mrs. Rawson's suit for alimony and solicitor's fees, handed down a decision which was decidedly against the plaintiff. Mrs. Rawson seemed to be crazed by the blow. Without speaking to any one, Mrs. Rawson walked through the gateway from the main body of the room and stole upon Attorney Whitney, who sat with his chair tilted back against the railing. Before anybody could interfere she levelled the barrel of a revolver at Whitney's head and fired. The attorney leaped out of his chair and started to run. The revolver blazed again, and the attorney fell upon his knees. Without uttering a word Mrs. Rawson, with her lips tightly compressed and her revolver hand trembling violently, rushed upon the wounded man, who scrambled beneath a



THE MURDERER SCALING THE FENCE OF THE MULLEN PREMISES.

ger, Gustave Dahlgren, William Blair, John Delaney, Michael Fanning, Max F. Schmittberger, James Gannon, Bernard McEveety, George Glick.

Roundsmen—Martin F. Conlin, William Londrigan, Richard J. Barry, Patrick F. Doyle, Ernest A. Linderman, Charles A. L.

desk on his hands and knees. Three more shots followed Whitney in his race for cover.

The woman was seized at this juncture and the wounded lawyer was borne to the private room of the Judge.



"I HAVE KILLED MRS. MULLEN, BUT KEEP IT QUIET."

kitchen. He followed her, and with a knife or razor cut her head almost from the body. In the struggle the woman was cut in the arm. It was evident from the appearance of the room that she had made a brave fight for life. What little furniture the room contained was nearly all overturned and things generally knocked about. After Showlder had accomplished his dastardly deed he wiped the knife and his hands on a shawl that lay on the table, walked out the door, jumped over the fence again into his own yard, leaving the marks of his blood-stained hands on the boards, walked into the basement kitchen of his own house, upstairs and out the front door on to the street. Even the boards of the walk that runs along the side of the house were bloody from his feet when he jumped over

STARTLING CRIME.

Approaching Trial of Mrs.
Garrett, the Medina
Co., O., Murderess.

HISTORY OF THE AWFUL DEED

What Was the Motive
For the Terrible
Crime?

WIDE-SPREAD INTEREST IN THE CASE.



OF since the Coy murder in Medina in 1883 has there been such a horrible crime committed as the murder of the imbecile sisters Garrett, in Spencer township, some time ago. The trial of Mrs. Garrett who is charged with the crime, is expected to take place soon. Two women, unmarried, daughters

of an old man who had recently married a young wife, were found dead in their bedroom in their father's house, with marks of violence on the body of one of them, and rescued through the thick smoke and flame of a fire that had been started in their room for the purpose of burning them up and concealing the crime of their murder; their unnatural step-mother meanwhile devoting her energies to removing the household effects, with fiendish cruelty refusing to take any steps to rescue the poor girls from the burning room.

The first intimation of the dreadful affair reached Medina the day after the murder in the shape of a telegram from W. D. Dimock and B. F. Lewis of Spencer to Geo. Hayden and C. G. Coddling, asking for the coroner. The coroner, Aaron Sanders, was in Lorain, so a reply was returned that a justice of the peace in the locality would answer as the coroner could not go. Wednesday evening fuller accounts were received from persons who had come to town from the neighborhood, but accurate details of the affair were not known until late Thursday.

Thursday afternoon, in company with F. O. Phillips, we drove to Spencer, visited the scene of the crime, saw the bodies of the unfortunate girls and gathered all the facts in the case from neighbors who were on the ground from the beginning to the end.

A. D. Garrett the father of the murdered girls, formerly lived in Carlisle, Lorain county, on a farm worth about \$5,000 which belonged to his wife, then living. They had four children, three girls and one boy. The oldest child was Annie, aged forty, the next Eva, aged over thirty, the next a son named Stanley, aged twenty-nine, the youngest a girl named Ida, twenty-four years old. In getting the deed to the farm in Lorain county, it was made out in the name of the father; the mother was sick, and intended when she recovered to deed the property to the children; but she died before that was done. The two oldest daughters, Annie and Eva, after their mother's death stayed at home and kept house for their father. The son was married and living in Lorain, and the youngest girl was also married and lived elsewhere. None of the children were very bright; the father himself is not as bright as the average farmers; and the two oldest girls were partly imbecile. They did the housework, however, kept things tidy, were cleanly dressed, and were simple, inoffensive creatures.

A little over two years ago their father married a widow by the name of Heflinger, who had two girls, who are now 10 and 15 years old. She was the daughter of a Kentucky slave holder before the war, and inherited the pride and exclusiveness of the Kentuckians of that day. She was married and lived in Tiffin, Ohio, where her husband died. She was without means, and went out to work in different families. She was still young, over thirty, good looking, and rather dashing. From Tiffin she drifted to Carlisle, Lorain county, where she met and married old man Garrett 60 years of age. She claims that she did not know that he had two foolish daughters, or she never would have married him. They lived in Carlisle several years. From all reports she was a cruel stepmother from the start to the two girls. She took their good clothes and made them over for her own girls, allowing them to dress in rags. She made them do all the drudgery of the house, had starved them at times, and allowed them no recreation. It seems she had the old man completely under control, and finally she compelled him to send the girls to the Lorain county poor house. This was resented by the neighbors, who threatened to tar and feather him unless he took them home again. He then took them out of the poor house, and they were again subjected to the cruel treatment of the stepmother.

The old man Garrett, Mrs. Garrett and the girls were questioned as to the origin of the fire, and how it was that she was able to remove so much and such heavy and bulky furniture out of the house. She said, incidentally, that she would never have been able to get the carpet up in the parlor if it had been tacked, but it was only put down Saturday, and was loose. Her little girl said it was all tacked down, that she had helped Papa to tack it. A neighbor woman had been in the house Saturday and she also said that the carpet was

all nailed down. It was taken up without tearing a bit, just as nicely as if there had been no hurry at all. Mrs. Garrett said her oldest girl helped her to carry out the things. The stove was very heavy; it made a good lift for two strong men to carry it back and put it up. Mrs. Garrett's girls are named Annie, fifteen years old, and Elnora, ten years. Elnora said her mother was all dressed when she got up to go for Mr. Dimock. Old man Garrett said he was aroused by Mrs. Garrett, who was up and dressed; he got up and went around the house where he saw the fire and picked up a pail of water and was throwing it on the fire when Mr. Dimock arrived.

The old man said he knew nothing about their having a hen.

We saw the two dead bodies, lying on a bed in another room. On the throat of Annie there was a purple bruise, as if a hand had clutched her by the throat, and a bruise and lump on her forehead, as if made by a club. The skull was not fractured, and the bruises on her throat were not very bad. But the most fearful indication of violence were blotches on her limbs from the ankles to the thighs, as if made by scalding water. The skin was scalded off in perhaps thirty or forty places, in size ranging from the bigness of a dime to a



MAKING HER STEP-DAUGHTERS DO MEN'S WORK.

That was all he could say about it. He was in a daze, and scarcely knew what he did or said. The house is a story and a half frame, and was insured for \$2,000. The farm was all paid for to within a thousand dollars.

There are so many conflicting stories as to what Mrs. Garrett said to account for the affair that it is difficult to get at the truth. She was present at the house and talked with people, nearly all day Wednesday. She said to some that she was awakened by a noise, which she thought was at the barn, that she dressed herself and went out there. Finding everything quite, she returned and went to the rear of the house, saw the fire coming out of the bedroom, shook the window to awaken the girls, and then got her daughters up, tried to awaken her husband, and went to work with the girls to carrying the things out of the house. She did not know what made the old man sleep so soundly, unless it was because he had taken morphine. She said to some that the girls took the dry leaves to their room to make a bed for their kitten; to others, that it was to make a nest for a hen. She also said to some that somebody had got into the house, murdered the girls, and started the fire. Throughout the entire affair, she manifested no genuine grief or emotion. At times she would put her handkerchief to her



ANNIE GARRETT.

face, as if she were weeping, and again would draw her face up in apparent agony and repeat that it was too bad, it was awful, etc. She declared her innocence; she might be hung, but she was innocent.

The neighbors examined the girls' bedroom, but not until Mrs. Garrett had carried the bed and straw bed-tick out and hung the quilts on a trellis. Those who examined them before they were carried out say they were wet. During this time Mrs. Garrett shed no tears, but would draw her face up in simulated agony and say it was too bad, it was awful, etc.

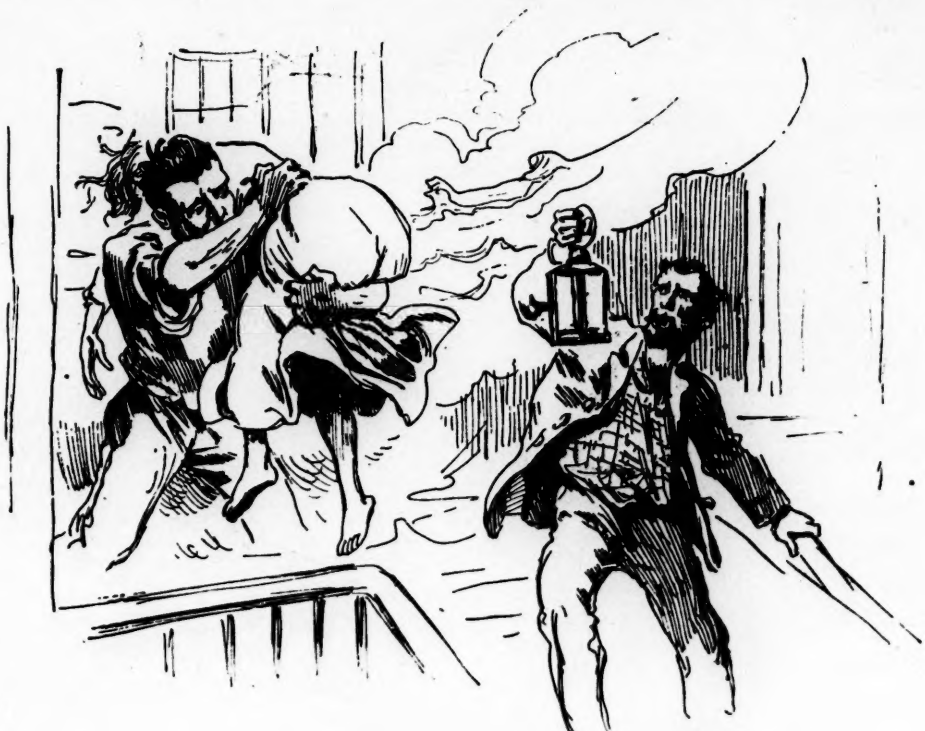
The floor of the room was littered with rags. Mrs. Garrett said there was a rag-bag in the room, and the

silver dollar—angry, red, inflamed scalds, not burns, for the hair was not scorched nor the drawers burned. The wall paper behind the bed showed streaks, as if water had been thrown against it, and the bed clothes were wet. There was no water or cup in the room. Under the window on the outside of the room there was found a bench made of two boards, with the ends nailed together, standing against the house, as if it had been used to step on by somebody in getting out, though it was not necessary, as the window was near the ground. The boards may have been there for water to run from the eave trough.

From the appearance of the room, the fact that the door was fastened by being bolted on the inside, and the step under the window, it would appear that the murderer, whoever it was, must have gone into the room, bolted the door, strangled the oldest girl by clutching her throat, possibly smothered the other one

with a pillow (there were no marks of violence whatever on her body), hit the eldest one on the head with either the piece of board or piece of rail which were both found in the room, threw scalding water on her probably to carry on a deception of her having been burned, then put coal oil on the floor and lit it, also lit the newspaper in the middle of the room, then crawled out of the window, let down the sash and closed the blinds.

On the supposition that it was Mrs. Garrett who did the deed, she must have previously been at work several hours carrying the furniture out of doors; for not only were the lower rooms emptied, but up stairs were found bundles and packages of clothes and light articles tied up, and a large basket filled with crockery and glassware, ready to be moved. It is probable that, having saved all the valuable furniture in the house that she cared for, she murdered her step-daughters, kindled a fire in their room as described, then sent her own girls to the neighbors for help, supposing by the



RESCUING THE INMATES FROM THE BURNING HOUSE.

girls must have emptied it. Coal oil was found on the floor, in front of the door, and it had run across the floor by the door to the corner where the fire caught. It had been set on fire where it was first poured, and the floor was scorched, but enough oil remained to be easily detected. A newspaper crumpled up in the middle of the floor had been set on fire and burned to ashes, scorching the floor under it. The ashes of it were there undisturbed. No lamp, candle or matches were found in the room. The old man said the girls were not allowed to have a light. Mrs. Garrett said they had a lamp. Besides the rags, there was a quantity of dry leaves scattered over the floor. Mrs. Garrett was asked how they came there, and replied that the girls carried them in to make a nest for a hen.

time any one could get there the fire would have made such progress that the house would be beyond saving, and the evidences of her crime destroyed. But owing to the want of draught in the small bedroom, the fire was slow in catching, and had made but little progress when help arrived.

Among the many rumors about the affair was one that Mrs. Garrett had said to her husband that if he went back on her there would be another corpse in the house. This was rumor only. All the foundation there was for it was this: On Wednesday, Messrs. Lewis, Dimock, and others had taken old man Garrett aside and were talking to him, when she came toward them hurriedly with one hand held up and said: "If you go back on me in this I'll—I'll—" and there she stopped.

The old man said: "Think of those poor girls." She replied: "I know I have not used them right, and I ask your forgiveness for it." Then she went away. Mr. Garrett expressed his belief that she had murdered his children. There was but one opinion expressed by the neighbors and everybody who viewed the premises, and that was that she was guilty of committing the murder.

TRIED TO DIE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Pretty, blonde-haired Annie Snyder, one of the inmates of Madame Sue Swanger's resort at 1023 Walnut street, Reading, Pa., recently became jealous of the attentions paid another girl by one of the male frequenters of the place with whom she had become infatuated, and tried to end her life by swallowing laudanum. She drank the contents of a vial of the fatal drug, saying as she did so, "Good-by, girls! He has deserted me, and I do not care to live! I will—see you later!" and rushed out of the room and threw herself on the bed in her bedroom. The giddy girl's life was saved by the prompt efforts of a physician.

RUNNING DOWN A MURDERER.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The most intense excitement prevails at Knoxville, Tenn., in consequence of the recent murder of Deputy Sheriff Shippe by Hicks Carmichael. A more diabolical murder was never committed. He killed the officer on the latter's attempt to arrest him. He immediately fled, but was subsequently captured by a party of citizens led by Mr. John W. Atkins, who ran him down in a barn near Rankin's Depot. Carmichael was speedily brought to trial, resulting in a conviction of murder in the first degree before Judge Logan, who sentenced him to be hung on Friday, July 20 next.

THE COP WENT FOR HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Policeman Miller, of Elizabeth, N. J., it is alleged, made a savage assault on General Drake, of that city, recently, for certain personalities published in the *Sunday Leader*, of which the General is the editor. The latter said that Policeman Miller was in the habit of appearing on the streets in a generally unkempt condition, with his uniform awry, and his appearance as a whole was a disgrace to the town. The cop, it is said, no sooner read the item than he went for the General with blood in his eyes.

THEY FIGHT IN OPEN COURT.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

The sensation of the season at Lexington, Ky., is a recent alleged encounter in open court between Hon. George B. Kinkead and Col. Robert Thornton, two prominent attorneys of that city. Thornton, the story goes, addressed Kinkead in an offensive manner, when the latter, quick as a flash, struck the former with his umbrella. The two legal lights then grappled, but were separated by court attendants.

SHE HAD THE NERVE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A Birmingham, Ala., young lady a few nights ago was awakened while asleep in her chamber as if from a horrible dream. Stealing softly from the bed, she secured a pistol lying in one of the drawers of her dressing case. Just then the burly form of a negro jumped from behind a door and attempted to grab her. With wonderful presence of mind, the young lady stepped nimbly aside and fired at the intruder, who jumped from the window and made his escape, the young lady in her excitement having failed to hit him.

SHE REFUSED TO MARRY HIM.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Two human forms—one, that of a young man, the other that of a girl; the latter cold in death, the former in death's agonies; each weltering in blood that had streamed from deadly wounds; a revolver, empty and harmless, now that its fatal work was done—this, in brief, was the ghastly sight that met the eyes of Police Captain Davidson, of Albany, N. Y., and several of his subordinates a few nights ago when one of the doors leading into a bedroom on the second floor of Cox's eating house on William street had been broken open. The man's name was Joseph Sherer, the woman's Lizzie McCarthy. Investigation revealed the fact that Sherer had shot Lizzie, who was his sweetheart, because she refused to marry him, and then shot himself.

MR. KELLEY'S THIRTY THOUSAND DOLLARS.

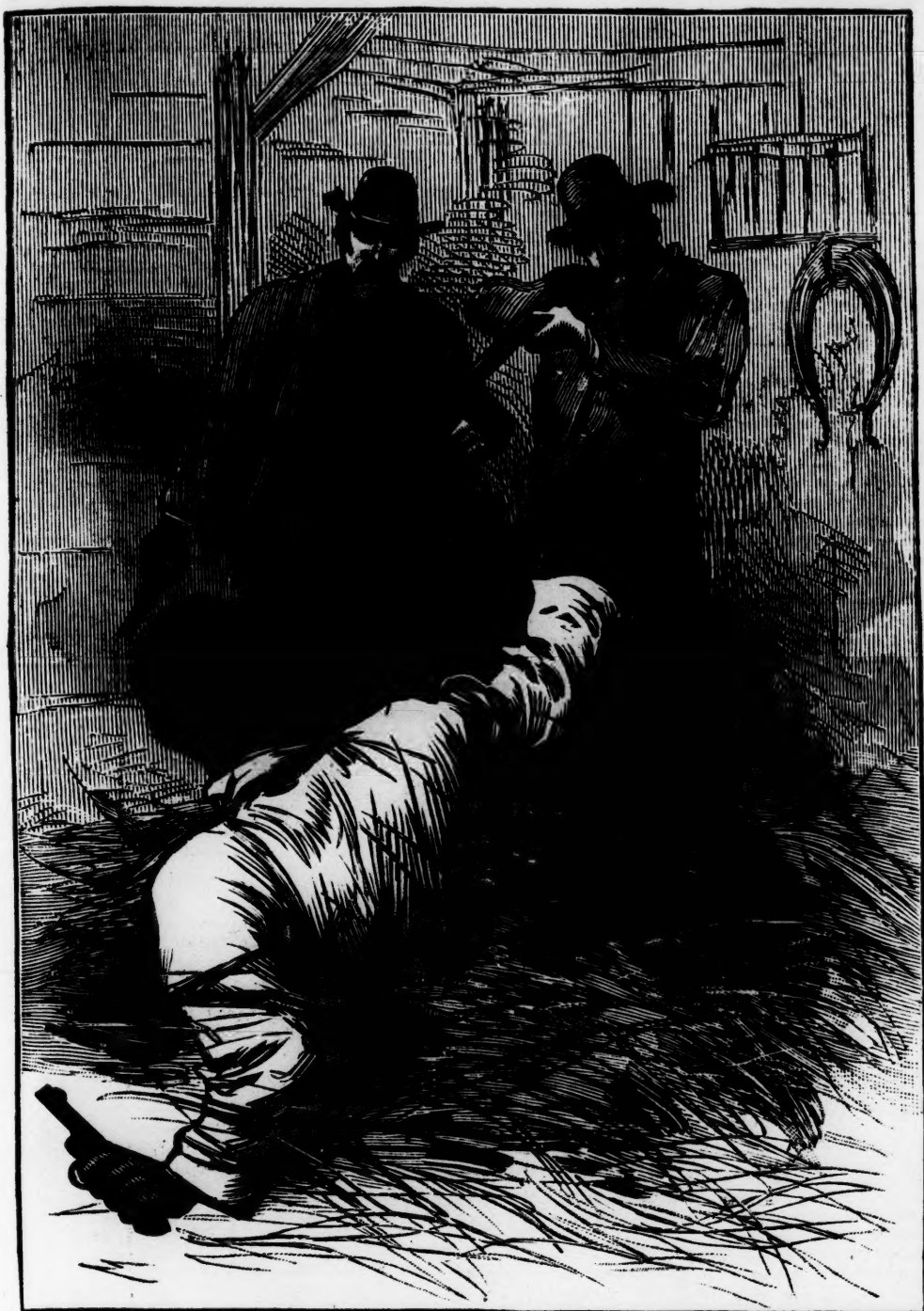
So much interest has been shown in various ways in Mr. M. A. Kelley's fortunate investments in the monthly schemes of the Louisiana State Lottery that it has been deemed of sufficient public interest to find out what Mr. Kelley thinks about it. Learning that Mr. Kelley had received the cash prize of \$30,000 through the Miners' Saving Bank, a *Gazette* reporter interviewed him yesterday. He said he simply bought one-fifth of ticket No. 55,315, for which he paid \$2, just as he would have put up a margin on a bit of stock from Gould & Co.'s Wall street list, and he was surprised to learn that there were men in town who knew of the value of the ticket a week before he was advised. There was therefore no possible chance of collusion through anyone here with the Louisiana company, indicating that the lottery as a game of chance was conducted honestly. As Mr. Kelley is one of the steady young business men of the town, who understands the value of money and has the intelligence to use it profitably, there is no question that the \$30,000 so suddenly dropped into his purse will be of benefit to himself and the public. That Mr. Kelley has the appreciative interest of the public is indicated in the fact that he has been Pittston's borough tax receiver for two successive terms, and has done the work to the entire satisfaction of the several departments of the borough government to which he had to make an accounting. He has been engaged in the grocery business for the past few years, on Pine street, and has driven a successful trade.

Mr. Kelley informs the reporter that with a needed proportion of the \$30,000 he means to push the interests of a much needed household appliance, and will establish agencies all over the United States. And in this way he thinks the Louisiana Lottery Company will be able to do a great deal of appreciable missionary work. What some other people would do with \$30,000 was detailed in the *Gazette* a few days ago. Mr. Kelley's determination to put it into business has merit, and may prove profitable. —*Pittston (Pa.) Gazette*, May 26.



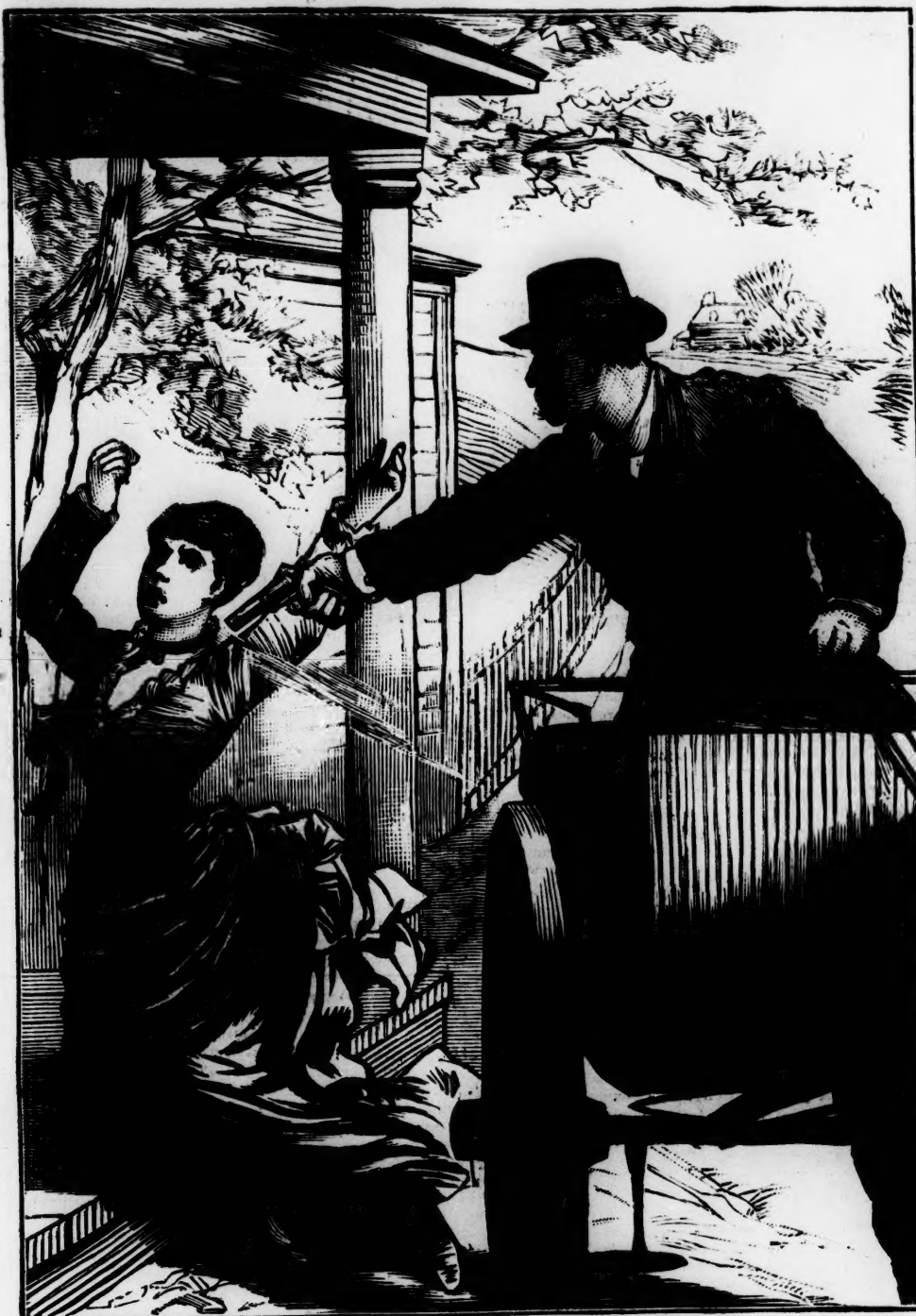
SHE REFUSED TO MARRY HIM.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT CAUSES JOSEPH SHERER OF ALBANY, N. Y., TO MURDER HIS SWEET-HEART AND THEN PUT A BULLET IN HIS OWN BRAIN.



RUNNING DOWN A MURDERER.

THE CAPTURE OF HICKS CARMICHAEL, THE DIABOLICAL MURDERER OF DEPUTY SHERIFF SHIPE, AT KNOXVILLE, TENN.



KILLS HIS DISOBEDIENT WIFE.

RELIGIOUS DIFFERENCES CAUSE A SENSATIONAL WIFE MURDER AT ST. CHARLES, MICH., MRS. WILMAN BEING THE VICTIM.



TRIED TO DIE.

THE PRETTY BLOND-HAIRED INMATE OF A FLASH RESORT AT READING, PA., MAKES AN INEFFECTUAL ATTEMPT ON HER LIFE IN A FIT OF JEALOUSY.

PUGILISTIC.

McAuliffe, the Pacific Slope Champion, Matched to Fight Conley.

ENGLISH LIGHT-WEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP.

Jack Dempsey, the champion middle-weight, is going to fill an engagement at Housick Falls, N. Y.

Friends of Frank Burke and Jimmy Hale are trying to make up a match between them for a stake of \$250 a side.

Patey Cardiff has gone into training for his contest with Pat Kilien, under the mentorship of Prof. John Donaldson.

John Smith is anxious to meet Tommy Cahill for a purse, London prize rules. Jack Welch is also anxious to meet the same for a purse of \$100.

The residents of Wolverhampton, England, gave Jake Kilrain and Charley Mitchell a grand reception. Long before the train arrived crowds gathered at the station and cheered both pugilists lustily.

Billy McLean, of Philadelphia, has posted a deposit of \$100 to spar any man in America with blackened gloves for stakes of \$1,000 a side for scientific points. He would prefer Sullivan, Dempsey or McCaffrey.

Harry Phillips has deposited \$250 forfeit and challenged George LaBlanche, the Marine, to meet Denny Kelleher, of Quincy, at 145 pounds, with skin gloves or bare hands, a finish, Queensberry rules, in a 24-foot ring, for \$1,000 a side.

Jack Green, a Boston welter-weight pugilist, is anxious to meet Johnny Reagan, Jack Dempsey's late antagonist, in a contest to a finish, providing Reagan will train down to 140 pounds. Mr. William J. Moulton is backing Green, and it is not impossible that a battle will be arranged.

The N. Y. "Daily News," May 29, says: "Frank Murphy and Jack Havelin, the English and American feather-weight champion pugilists, have requested Richard K. Fox to allow the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt, which represents the feather-weight championship of America, to the winner of the stakes" in their match.

On May 28, the ten-round boxing match between J. H. Robinson, of New York, and Pat Cahill, of the Scottish-American Club of Jersey City, for the middle-weight amateur championship of America, took place at the club rooms of the latter, at 425 Grove street, Jersey City, the championship and gold watch being awarded to Cahill at the beginning of the third round.

Several of the newspapers state "that Kilrain, Mitchell and Smith will be joined by McCaffrey on arriving in this country, and that the four men will then 'do the States on a sparring tour.' There is no truth in the above statement. Kilrain is the greatest star in the prize ring, and he is magnet enough to draw large crowds. Moreover, Mitchell, who has fought himself into favor with the public, is also a big card.

At Buffalo, N. Y., on May 30, there was a glove fight between Tim Connelly, of Pittsburgh, and Pat Brennan, of Buffalo. It was to be 8 rounds, the winner to take the gate money. Brennan knocked Connelly down on the go in and continued on the offensive. The Pittsburgher got decidedly the worst of it, and he whirled and fell again just as time was called. He staggered to his feet and gave Brennan a blow, and the police rushed in and stopped the contest. The referee decided Brennan the winner.

At Hackett City, Arkansas, on May 26, about 75 persons witnessed the glove contest between James Derby, of San Francisco, Cal., and John Boe, of Rich Hill, Mo., middle-weights. Both men have good records, Boe having fought Fell, Clark, and several good boxers. Derby has sparred Dempsey and several good men on the Pacific Slope. Pat Mooney was referee and timekeeper, while Hugh Johnston, of this city, seconded Derby, and Joe Robinson, of Rich Hill, Mo. Seven hotly contested rounds were fought, when the battle was given to Derby on a foul. Boe clinched Derby after having fought him to the ropes. The fight was Marquis of Queensberry rules, for a purse of \$100.

ROUND 1.—Both sparred cautiously for an opening. Derby led, but was countered on the left eye. Several exchanges followed, and Derby acted in the defensive the rest of the round.

2.—Both men sparred lightly, Boe having the best of it.

3.—Boe forced the fighting, but received a right-hander on the neck, which made him cautious.

4.—It was give and take in this round, both getting in some good work. Derby received several blows on the neck and breast, but ducked cleverly and got in a good one on Boe's stomach, and when the men went to corners was blowing considerably. Derby's seconds now offered \$5 to \$10 on their man, with no takers.

5.—Both men came to the scratch smiling, each commenting on the other's fighting. Considerable fighting at close quarters was done in this round. Derby's breast showed punishment, as also did Boe's. Boe tried hard to get in a right-hander, but Derby kept out of the way and sent a hot right-hander for Boe's face, but was short.

6.—Both men seemed fresh in this round. Boe made several feints, but Derby kept out of his reach. Derby was fought to the ropes, but cleverly got away. Derby's seconds claimed a foul on a blow on the belt, but it was not allowed.

7.—Some hot exchanges in this round, and again Derby was fought to the ropes. Boe clinched to avoid a right-hander. A foul was then claimed and allowed. Both men reluctantly left the ring, and expressed a desire to meet again.

The fight throughout was a good one. A match is now being arranged for a purse of \$300, to be fought for in one month near Hackett City. As both men are game, the fight will be looked forward to with no little interest.

The prize fight between Dave Burke, brother of Jack Burke, and Sam Reeder, for £200 and the light-weight championship of England at 125 pounds, was fought at London, Eng., recently. Jack Baldoock and Jack Harper seconded Burke, and Bob Kerby and Ed Moddings attended on Reeder. The men fought last December, and over £1,000 sterling was wagered on the contest. Burke was the favorite then, but Reeder knocked him out in the 15th round. Charles Dunning, of the *Sportsman*, was referee of the match, and about 200 spectators witnessed the battle, tickets being 25 each. Some very fast fighting was done in the first round, and it was evident both had got orders to force the pace. Burke, repeatedly landing on the head, received several well-delivered blows in return, owing to one of which the carmine began to show from his mouth, and first blood was thus early claimed for Reeder. Both had now thoroughly warmed to their work and fought desperately all over the ring, Burke getting home much oftener than his opponent, though his blows did not appear to have the same effect. The excitement became general round the ring, most of the lookers on considering it their duty to tell the men what to do. The proprietor of the place announced that unless better order was kept he would turn down the gas. This had the desired effect for a time, though several patrons of the sport, including some old ring goers, thought it best to leave before such a contretemps occurred. Amid the excitement the men fought desperately until the 10th round, when Burke was very weak. Just before the close of the round Reeder brought his man down, but it was found the ropes were cut, and the ring was broken up. A sort of a free fight now took place, and the referee, taking advantage of the tumult, made himself scarce and reserved his decision, which will probably be a draw.

Jack Richmond and George Devins finished a 12-round bare-knuckle contest in this city on June 3, for a purse of \$150. Jack Richmond, before the fight, was looked upon as \$5 to \$10 as the winner. He stood 5 feet 2 inches, weighed 122

pounds, and is twenty years old. His seconds were Paddy Lyons and Ed Linden. Devins was a novice at the business. He is nineteen years old, weighed 118 pounds, and was of Richmond's height. He was handled by Frank Moore and Dick Bungen. Jim Montague was agreed upon as referee, after some wrangling, and Paddy Delaney and Phil Clark held the watches. When time was called Richmond jumped at his man with an overhand blow on the head. He followed that up with the left on the forehead, but Devins sent out his left, landing on Richmond's nose, drawing first blood. He also won first knock-down in next round. In the third round Devins landed a low stomach blow, and Richmond threatened to quit. But, instead, he flew at Devins and hit him twice with his left on the shoulder. Devins sent back his left on the face, and received the other's right on the shoulder. In the fourth Richmond rushed his man through the cord and against the wall. There were loud calls of "Foul!" for butting, but the referee did not notice them. Richmond rushed and butted his man at will, and there were countless clinches and falls, Richmond generally being on top. Before the end each man claimed to have been bitten. Devins showed marks on his left arm that carried out his assertion. Richmond said that Devins had closed his teeth on his stomach. He went to his corner and would have given up if Paddy Lyons had not made him return to the fray. Richmond had tired himself out by rushing, but Devins stood the racket with astonishing fortitude. At the opening of the twelfth round Montague said the boys must stand up and box fairly. Richmond threw Devins three times, however, and the fight was given to Devins.

Arrangements have been made for another important battle encounter in which Joe McAuliffe, the champion of the Pacific Coast, who knocked out Paddy Ryan and Frank Glover, is to meet Mike Conley, the conqueror of John P. Clow, the heavy-weight champion of the Northwest, widely known also as the Ithaca Giant, in the orthodox 24-foot ring, for \$5,000 and a purse of \$2,000. After McAuliffe defeated Mike Glover, of Chicago, for \$3,000, J. D. Hayes, the baker of Mike Glover, finding that Pat Kilien, of Duluth, John L. Sullivan, the ex-champion, and Jack Ashton, of Providence, had refused to arrange a match to meet Conley in the roped arena, telegraphed the following challenge to the California Athletic Club at San Francisco:

"ASHLAND, Wis., May 24.
"MANAGER OF THE CALIFORNIA ATHLETIC CLUB—I am prepared to match Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, to fight Joe McAuliffe, the champion of the Pacific Slope, according to 'Police Gazette' rules, for \$1,500 a side and a purse of \$1,500, the battle to be decided in San Francisco, providing Conley receives \$250 for expenses."

The California Athletic Club have accepted the challenge on behalf of McAuliffe, and (May 30) the following telegram was received from J. D. Hayes, Conley's backer:

"ASHLAND, Wis., May 30.
"RICHARD K. FOX, NEW YORK—Just received the following from the California Athletic Club: 'Joe McAuliffe will arrange a match according to "Police Gazette" rules for \$2,500 a side, and the club will put up a purse of \$2,000, the fight to be decided in August in San Francisco.' J. D. HAYES."

Later.—The following was received from Conley's backer:

"ASHLAND, Wis., May 30.
"RICHARD K. FOX—We have arranged for Conley to fight McAuliffe according to the terms proposed—\$4,000 and a purse of \$2,000, 'Police Gazette' rules. The fight will take place in August. J. D. HAYES."

The match between these giants of the prize ring will create a furore in fight circles in both hemispheres, and, as both men have demonstrated that they are among the first fighters of the heavy-weight division, there will be heavy speculation on the result. Conley's victory over John P. Clow, the champion of the Northwest, with his many other successes, and his willingness to meet Sullivan, Kilrain, Ashton, and Cardiff, conclusively prove that he is a formidable opponent for any heavy-weight now in America. McAuliffe's victories have proved him to be a heavy-weight nearly first-class, and his legion of admirers on the Pacific Slope believe he can conquer any man living, with the exception of the "Police Gazette" champion, Jake Kilrain; and, should he succeed in defeating Conley, a match with Kilrain will be his next contract.

At Wilkesbarre, Pa., on May 28, James Dillon, of Kingston, and Thomas Hoar, of Nanticoke, fought in a 24-foot ring for a purse, according to "Police Gazette" rules. A large crowd was present. A tax of \$1 each was first decided upon, but the noisy clamor of the crowd proved that they would not submit to this. Later, a general collection was taken up, and between \$150 and \$250 was realized. The next wrangle was over the question of referee, each party deeming it its duty to refuse any proposal advanced by his opponent. While this matter was being settled, a light rain set in, and many thought the "jig was up," but it did not interfere with their plans. The referee question proved a difficult one to settle. Pat McCaffrey was first asked to act as referee, but objections were raised by Hoar's friends, I. S. Rosenstamm, of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, was then selected and Dillon's friends refused to accept. After twenty minutes of fussing the name of Tony Ruddy was mentioned. At this shouts went up, "He's an honest man," "He's a good, square man," "He knows the rules," but Campbell did not want him. Seeing no other way to get a man, Campbell shouted: "I'll agree to Ruddy," and Ruddy was chosen, to the general satisfaction, as he is well versed in the Marquis of Queensberry or "Police Gazette" rules. I. S. Rosenstamm, of New York, who is a well-known timekeeper, was selected for this work, and he accepted. The ring had been staked out under the direction of Prof. Harry Umlah, and objected to as too large, after which it was reduced. Both men showed fine development, Dillon weighing 144 pounds and Hoar 139, and were an aspect of brutal determination that promised a bloody encounter. They were introduced to the cheering throng by Daniel L. Hart, editor of the *Sunday World*. It was nearly 6 o'clock when they entered the ring, pitched directly in front of the park grand stand, which bore a restless load of eager spectators. The tossing of a penny gave Hoar his choice of the south corner of the ring and his antagonist faced him. Prof. Umlah stood near Dillon as his second, and David Jones, of Danville, did similar office for Hoar. The fight was well contested. Dillon gained first blood and first knock-down in the first round. In the fourth round Dillon's left eye began to close, but he succeeded in knocking Hoar down. In the fifth round Hoar got on a telling right-hander, and in the sixth Dillon laid open Hoar's cheek, only to receive in return two staggering blows on the head, which were followed by another over the left eye. Dillon bore them well and finally knocked Hoar under the ropes. In the seventh round the men exchanged knock-down blows and are carried to their separate corners. In the eighth round Hoar is knocked down twice and he and Dillon once each in the ninth. Dillon is again knocked down in the tenth, but returns the compliment to Hoar, and by the close of the eleventh both are covered with blood and badly winded. The twelfth, thirteenth and fourteenth are uneventful, the men working to recover breath. In the fifteenth Dillon shows some hesitation in coming up, but several severe blows put him on his mettle and the round ends to his advantage. In the sixteenth he again has the advantage, though knocked down toward the close. In the seventeenth there is no fighting, and in the eighteenth and nineteenth but few blows are exchanged. The twentieth is very tame and the twenty-first more so, both fighting shy. In the twenty-second Hoar remarks in jaunty fashion, "Dillon, square yourself and warm up." Hoar then forces the fight and knocks Dillon down. The twenty-third round sees Hoar badly punished, Dillon striking very viciously. Brute force took the place of science in the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth and Hoar seemed to be weakening. The twenty-sixth saw Dillon on his knees, in which position Hoar struck him on the nose. (Cries of foul.) The referee ordered the fight to continue. The next two rounds were light sparring. The twenty-ninth showed Dillon down several times, while the thirtieth was all sparring. At eight o'clock and six minutes and just as they were about to fight the thirty-first round Constable Brenner and his old grey horse came driving down the track. The cry of police was raised and in a minute hardly a man was to be seen on the track, save the reporters. The referee refused to decide the fight a draw, but agreed to name a day for the men to meet again.

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SPORTING.

Baltimore's Great Six-Day Go-As-You-Please Race.

IMPORTANT WRESTLING MATCH.

George Lee has posted a forfeit and challenged John Wise, of Toronto, to row 3 miles for \$1,000.

The young "Police Gazette" nine will play any nine under 13 years of age. J. Powers, 334 Pearl street.

John Purcell, the famous Irish amateur athlete, arrived in New York on May 29 en route to Watsonville, Cal.

The cocking main between Crompton and Cranston game fowls was fought on May 31 near Providence, R. I. Seven battles were fought, and Cranston won.

Recently Robert Delisle, of Detroit, a noted fancy shot, was killed at Boerne, Kendall county, Texas, by the explosion of his gun. Delisle was but twenty years old.

The dog fight between Dandy and White Pete, for \$500, was decided at Warwick, R. I., on May 31. Dandy was killed after a desperate battle, which lasted one hour and three minutes.

George Buear has challenged Wallace Ross to row for £200 a side and the championship of England, and Ross states he will pick up the gauntlet and row the race in England in October.

The well-known Canadian oarsman, William O'Connor, does not desire to row John Teemer, but he is ready to row Jake Gaudaur or any man in the world three miles with a turn for \$4,000 a side.

At Worcester, on May 30, the handicap 3-mile single-scull race, for \$250 a side, between Ten Eyck of Worcester and Joyce of Springfield, was won by Joyce. He finished two seconds ahead, in 20:32½.

The race for the single-scull championship of England between George Buear and Charles Carr for \$500 a side took place over the Tyne championship course on May 26. Buear won by two lengths.

At Lowell, Mass., on May 30, nearly 5,000 people saw the race between George Hosmer and Wallace Ross. The course was two miles and three-quarters. Hosmer crossed the line a half a length ahead. Time, 16 minutes.

At Baltimore, Md., on May 30, a match was arranged between the Maryland Rifle Club and the Williamsport (Pa.) Club and was shot by telegraph. Maryland won. The average made was 65%, at a distance of 200 yards.

We regret to have to record the death of Mr. Shirley Brooks, which occurred recently at London, Eng. He was a member of the Pelican Club, and an intimate friend of Mr. E. C. Welles, Jake Kilrain, and Charley Mitchell, besides other well-known shining lights in London.

Harry Hill, the well-known sporting man of four decades, has opened a first-class sporting house at 2401 Third avenue, this city, near Harlem Bridge. Harry keeps the best of everything, and it is probable that after his place is well known it will be the rendezvous of sporting men at Harlem.

On June 1 Richard K. Fox received the following from Patey Hogan, of San Francisco: "Joe McAuliffe, the champion of the Pacific Coast, is matched to fight Mike C. Conley, the Ithaca Giant, of Ashland, Wis. The fight will take place in this city, under the management of the California Athletic Club, in August. The men will battle according to 'Police Gazette' rules, to a finish, for \$2,500 a side, and the California Athletic Club will subscribe a purse of \$2,000—\$1,500 to the winner and \$500 to the loser. The club will also allow Conley \$250 for expenses. McAuliffe is the greatest pugilist who ever appeared in the ring on the Pacific Slope, and if he whips the Ithaca Giant the California Athletic Club will match him to fight Jake Kilrain for the 'Police Gazette' diamond belt and the championship of the world. McAuliffe broke his left hand in his battle with Glover, even then displaying great stamina and pluck by knocking the latter out. Over \$10,000 are behind McAuliffe to match him against Kilrain, Sullivan, or Smith, the English champion."

Robert A. Pinkerton, of Pinkerton's National Detective Agency, and his corps of private police had full charge of the police arrangements at the Brooklyn Jockey Club race meeting, and, it is needless to state, they did good service, and the Executive Committee have tendered Mr. Robert A. Pinkerton a vote of thanks for the able manner in which he handled the crowd, which numbered fully 25,000 on the closing day of the meeting. Owing to the watchfulness of this famous detective, who was present in person, the arrangements were so efficient and so admirably carried out that there was no one robbed, no accidents, and no fighting, notwithstanding the tremendous crush. This is saying a great deal both for the Brooklyn Jockey Club management and for Mr. Robert Pinkerton, who will have charge of the police regulations at the Coney Island Jockey Club race track, which commences on June 14. This will be appreciated by the sporting public who patronize the popular meetings of the Coney Island Jockey Club.

Miss Annie Oakley, "Police Gazette" female champion rifle shot has again been doing some wonderful shooting. At Boston recently, although the wind was blowing directly across the traps it did not seem to impair the accuracy of Miss Oakley's shooting to any appreciable extent. Miss Oakley first gave some fancy shooting with a 32-calibre Stevens rifle at glass balls, which she threw in the air with her left hand and shot with her right, breaking 14 out of 15. A very novel feature was the throwing of a marble in the air and then driving it with a 32-calibre bullet several hundred yards. She then shot at clay pigeons, both single and double, also running twenty feet and picking up her gun and firing, breaking both pigeons. The most difficult and skillful work was that of throwing two glass balls over her head, picking up her gun from the ground and breaking them both. The next was throwing one glass ball into the air and one along the ground, breaking them both. Lastly, she shot ten live pigeons, tumbling them all over. The shotgun used was a Lancaster gun, 20 bore, 26 yards rise. The most noticeable feature of the shoot was the wonderfully quick way she took the sight on her second barrel, in fact, it was instantaneous.

It is seldom that a prize ring encounter ends fatally, but such an affair occurred recently near Melbourne, Australia. It was in a battle according to London prize ring rules between Matt Evans and Jack Hyrons, two light-weights. James Stevens acted as second for Evans, William Plummer performing a like office on behalf of Hyrons. There were not many spectators, all being intimate acquaintances of the combatants. A man named Pollock acted as timekeeper, and Reginald Ely (son of the town clerk of Prahau) as referee. When the men stripped and faced both eyed each other vindictively, and there can be no doubt the fight was one of mere spleen. Hyrons was much the heavier man and by far the most robust-looking of the two. Evans is a light-weight and by no means strong or wiry-looking; but appearances went for nothing, as the deplorable result of the fight shows. The encounter lasted over an hour and forty minutes, over one hundred rounds being fought. It was far slogging nearly the whole of the time. Evans being the more skillful of the two, for at the end of half an hour the fight was virtually his. Hyrons was completely winded and fearfully bruised. He, however, stood up gamely, but at last received a knock-down blow, falling over the stump of a tree, of which there were many in the ground, and seriously injuring his spine. This quite dazed him. Still, time after time he faced his opponent, only to be repeatedly knocked down with sickening monotony. The last round was then fought, and Plummer, as usual, took Hyrons upon his knee, sponged him, gave him a good drink of brandy, and asked him "how he felt." Hyrons replied, "All

right," but almost immediately he slipped down and fainted away. He was unable to come up to time, and the battle, of course, was given in favor of Evans, who with his friends at once left the scene. Hyrons continued insensible for a long time, all efforts to revive him proving futile. A cab at last had to be sent for, and the unfortunate man was conveyed to Plummer's house. No signs of improvement in the injured man evincing themselves after two or three hours, Plummer had him removed to the Alfred Hospital. His condition was alarming. Both his eyes were blackened and swollen greatly. His face had been knocked into a pulp. There had evidently been repeated blows upon his left arm, which was swollen and badly bruised. In fact, he had bruises all over his body, especially his chest and ribs, which were frightfully cut and discolored. Consciousness never returned, and he died at 20 minutes past 3 P. M. The resident surgeon of the hospital, Dr. Joske, made a post-mortem examination of the body. There were no traces of heart disease, and he declared death to be due to the severe handling he had received in the fight. A succession of heavy blows upon the head had caused an effusion of blood upon the brain.

The Harlem Regatta Association held their annual regatta on the Harlem river, N. Y., on May 30. Summary:

Double Sculls—Metropolitan—R. Kent (bow), J. Pilkington (stroke), first; New York Athletic—G. D. Phillips (bow), P. L. Rodewald (stroke), second; Seawanhaka, of Brooklyn, third. Time, 5 minutes 41½ seconds. Won by two lengths.

Single Sculls—O. J. Stevens, Union B. C., first; E. Martin, Jr., Fallsade B. C., second; G. Johnson, Metropolitan, third. Time, 6 minutes 12 seconds. Won by a length.

Junior Singles—J. T. Hetrick, Nautilus B. C., first; J. W. Finck, Friendship B. C., second. Time, 6 minutes 20 seconds. Won by six lengths.

Pair Oared Gigs—Nonpareil—A. H. Beck (bow), C. H. Beck (stroke), C. Schilling (coxswain), first; New York Athletic—S. H. Loegein (bow), C. Hartridge (stroke), E. Frieman (coxswain), second. Time, 7 minutes 8 seconds. Won by seven lengths.

Junior Four Oared Shells—Dauntless—G. A. Weiss, L. M. Edgar, J. W. Spalding, T. H. Froudh (stroke), first; Nonpareil, second; New York Athletic, third; Union, disqualified. Time, 6 minutes 33 seconds. The race was full of mishaps. Shortly after starting the Unions crowded the Athletics on the west bank of the river, and a foul occurred, which resulted in the former's disqualification. The Dauntless crew, which was in the lead, pulled too closely in to shore, and ran afoul of Toomey's float, No. 1 splitting his oar, but this did not deter them, and they gradually forged ahead and won an exciting race.

Senior Four Oared Shells—Unions—H. Roche (bow), E. T. Donovan, C. Hackett, G. J. Ely (stroke), first; Seawanhaka of Brooklyn, second; New York Athletic, third. Time, 6 minutes 35 seconds. At the finish the Athletics appeared to be winning easily, when a boat containing a man and a boy stopped directly in their course. A collision was unavoidable. They came together with a crash, knocking the boy overboard. The New Yorks continued on, and a few moments later collided so heavily with another boat as to shatter the bow of their shell.

Four Oared Gigs—Nonpareil—G. Bates, I. Mass, J. J. Delaney, W. Cody (stroke) and C. Schilling (coxswain), first; New York Athletic second, and Nautilus, third. Time, 6 minutes 18 seconds. Won by a length.

Eight Oared Shell—Columbia Freshmen—O. H. P. Lafarge, G. M. Anderson, G. W. Metcalf, J. S. Lanthorn, H. E. Tuttle, S. V. W. Lee, W. P. Robertson, A. S. Norris (stroke) and P. Chesborough (coxswain), first; Dauntless, second. Time, 2 minutes 22 2-5 seconds.

At the office of the "Police Gazette" May 31, Sebastian Mueller, the champion wrestler of Switzerland, and Ernest Roeder, the champion German wrestler, with their backers, met to arrange a match. Mueller had offered to wager \$500 that he could throw Roeder four times in one hour, and to prove he was in earnest he posted \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox. Roeder accepted the challenge, and the meeting in question was to arrange the preliminaries for the match. Mueller's backer, who is a well-known brewer, offered to make a match for \$500 or \$1,000, but Roeder refused to put up more than \$250, remarking, "I have no millionaire backing me." Finally Mueller's backer said he would make the match for \$250, inasmuch as it would be just like finding money for Mueller to throw Roeder as often as he could get up. Each side then posted an additional fifty dollars, making \$150 each, and signed articles of agreement, of which the following is a copy:

ARTICLES OF AGREEMENT entered into between Ernest Roeder, of New York, and Sebastian Mueller, of Switzerland: The said Ernest Roeder and the said Sebastian Mueller agreed to wrestle according to Greco-Roman rules, and the said Sebastian Mueller agrees to forfeit \$250 if he fails to throw Ernest Roeder four times without resting in one hour, and the said Ernest Roeder also agrees to forfeit \$250 if the said Sebastian Mueller succeeds in winning four falls during the one hour. It is also agreed that there shall be no rest between each fall. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of \$150 a side is deposited with Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the *POLICE GAZETTE*, who shall be final stakeholder and select the referee, the match to be decided in this city between June 11 and 18, and the day to be named at the posting of the final deposit, on June 6, 1888. The party failing to post the final deposit on the date named to forfeit the \$150 now in the hands of the stakeholder.

ERNEST ROEDER, SEBASTIAN MUELLER.

Witnesses: WILLIAM ROEDER, W. E. HARDING.

The six-day go-as-you-please race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt and gate money, which commenced under the management of James Kernan at the Monumental theatre, Baltimore, ended on June 2, and John Hughes, the "Police Gazette" champion, won easily. The *POLICE GAZETTE* correspondent at Baltimore writes as follows about the last day of the race: The four pedestrians who held out to the end of the race for the "Police Gazette" diamond belt were John Hughes, Albert Elson, Messrs. Baumeister and Boyle. The band played with more than ordinary energy to cheer on the lagging and footsore plodders, and to see whether Baumeister and Boyle would "get there." Baumeister scored the necessary miles, but Boyle did not. The former scored his 450th mile, amid great applause, at a few minutes before 9 o'clock, after which he only walked a few laps, when all the men came out about 10:30. Boyle had for two days given up all hope of making 450 miles, but pluckily determined to stick to the track. He was rewarded by his numerous admirers and friends. As the race was drawing to a close a pretty flower basket, tied with variegated ribbons, was passed around among the crowd, and returned piled high with greenbacks and silver coins. This testimonial amounted to \$92, which, with various amounts that have been presented to him during the week, brought his share of the profits up to about \$100. "Old man" Elson maintained his patient, steady jog until he had put a solid margin of fifteen miles to the necessary minimum of 450 miles. Hughes, although far enough ahead at any time in the afternoon to have stopped walking altogether, kept up his pace until he had 500 miles and good measure. The exact score at the finish was: Hughes, 506 miles; Elson, 465 miles 1 lap; Baumeister, 450 miles 4 laps; Boyle, 325 miles 9 laps. These distances compare very favorably with former results of six-day matches, although not with the best. Hughes' record is 568 miles, and he made 553 miles in Kernan's tournament here in 1883. Elson has a record of 510 miles, and Baumeister of 410 miles, which he beat by 40 miles, therefore, last week. Boyle has never been in a six-day match before. The gate receipts for the week amounted to about \$2,000, of which one-half or \$1,000 goes to the contestants. Of this amount 50 per cent. goes to the first man, 30 per cent. to the second and 20 per cent. to the third. The men's shares will accordingly be about as follows: Hughes', \$500; E. son's \$300; Baumeister's, \$200. In addition to his share, it is stated that Baumeister will be given his choice of summer suits out of his backer's stock of clothing. Hughes was dissatisfied with his record. He said that on Monday he was given a glass of beer and a cherry and egg, which made him sick at the start and spoiled his chances for a big score. "I was dazed," he said. The same old story. Boyle was particularly well pleased with his first attempt at long distance walking, and thought that with proper handling he could have got a whack at the gate receipts.

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REFEREE.

The Gist of the Matter Regarding the Hanlan-Kemp Race.

WHAT HANLAN'S DEFEAT MEANT.

The wrangle over book betting and the mutual system is still the topic of discussion in turf circles; but those who speculate on the chances and uncertainties of the turf do not appear to take much interest as to whether they put the money in French tickets or in the books; nevertheless, there is not the least doubt that French tickets pay small speculators better than the books.

The returns of the five metropolitan meetings held in May, at which both books and mutuals were in operation, have resulted as follows: We have supposed a man bet \$10 on each race, \$5 in the books and \$5 in the mutuals. At the Jerome Park spring meeting of eight days the total return on the investment on a winning horse in the books would be \$1,120, while in the mutuals it would reach \$1,305—an excess of \$175 in favor of the mutuals.

At the Coney Island spring meeting the books paid \$1,075, while the mutuals paid \$1,371—an excess of \$296 in favor of the mutuals. At the Coney Island autumn meeting the books paid \$2,115, while the mutuals paid \$2,384—45—an excess of \$269 in favor of the mutuals. At the Brooklyn autumn meeting the books paid \$1,644, while the mutuals paid \$1,692—50—an excess of \$48 in favor of the mutuals. At the Jerome Park autumn meeting the books paid \$1,542, while the mutuals paid \$1,727—an excess of \$185 in favor of the mutuals. For the five meetings the total excess of the mutuals over the books on winning \$5 tickets was \$552.22.

The Bard has proved himself the greatest horse on the American turf this season. First, he won the Brooklyn handicap, one mile and a quarter, carrying 125 pounds, and among the beaten field the once invincible Hanover. Second, the St. James Hotel stakes, one mile and a quarter, carrying 123 pounds, Sir Dixon being one of the defeated. Third, the Brooklyn Cup, one mile and a half, carrying 133 pounds, and behind, yet a long distance behind him, Hanover and Volante and Fenelon. The Bard has done all this in ten days, and it is a record his owner, still in far off foreign lands, has heard with pride, and which his trainer and jockey are proud of.

The records of turf events show that averages of victories by favorites and by horses not counted upon to win have been maintained at the various tracks. A study of these averages does not, of course, enable any one to name the winner of a particular race, but it teaches the student something of the chances in horse racing, and furnishes facts of value to the speculator who bears them in mind.

The various turf meetings have an individuality in the results of their races. The variation in the averages of the racing results is occasioned, no doubt, by differences in the judgment of handicappers and in the conditions of the races.

The interest in horse racing is greater this season than ever before. Hundreds of thousands of dollars will be wagered. Here are points that it is worth the investor's while to remember: At Jerome Park last summer the favorite horse won 10 of 16 free handicap sweepstakes, 3 of 4 stake races, and 5 of 8 selling events. In 8 jumping races the favorite scored first but once; in 10 handicaps, sweepstakes, and purse contests, the first choice won twice, and one or two equal favorites once.

The success of the favorites in the Jerome Park selling races is exceptional. Selling races are considered uncertain. There was no betting at Jerome Park two years ago, and no comparison can, therefore, be made. In the Jerome Park summer meeting in 1886 the favorite won five of the six selling purses.

The followers of the favorites fared hard at Coney Island last summer, for they won in but 23 out of 64 races. They got 2 of the 8 purse races and 9 of the 19 stakes. Of the stake races for horses of a specified age the favorite won 5 of 12; of the seven stakes for all ages, or "three years and up," 4 were carried away by the public's first choice. In 20 sweepstakes races the favorite was successful but five times; in six selling races but twice.

At last year's Monmouth Park meeting the favorite won 22 of 38 great stake and cup events, and in no other class of races did he conquer so good as 40 per cent. Of eight great handicaps he got but three; of 64 "free handicap sweepstakes," 20 of 24 jumping races, 10 of 28 selling races, 8 of 6 welter weights, 2.

The favorite made a better record at Saratoga last year than at any other track in the East. His record of wins is this: Stake races, 15 of 24; hurdle races, all of the five; handicap sweepstakes, 4 of 6; heat races, 2 of 3; selling, 13 of 27; purse, 27 of 61; sweepstakes, 3 of 8; steepchases, 4 of 11. The favorite was much more often in hurdle than in steepchase races. As a rule the first choice horse is most successful in stake races and fares the poorest in steepchases. This is true of all tracks.

There is a great deal of money in racing just now, and all are endeavoring to share in the harvest. The fact that Monmouth Park Association can give \$250,000 in stakes and purses during the meeting of twenty-five days, and then divide between \$75,000 and \$100,000 among the stockholders, shows how profitable the business has become.

The meeting of the American Jockey Club, which opened at Fordham, N. Y., on the 29th of May, under the new administration, is very important in several respects. The president, Mr. John Hunter, has been identified with Jerome Park from the first opening of its gates, and his long experience has made him thoroughly conversant with all matters pertaining to the turf. The Executive Committee, composed of President Hunter, Leonard W. Jerome, F. Lorillard, Jr., W. H. McVicker, W. Duer, J. O. Donner, F. R. Hitchcock, J. W. Wadsworth and L. L. Lorillard, are all turfmen of ability, who will work for the best interests of the sport.

Among the new rules recently adopted is one barring out horses, owners, trainers and jockeys that have taken part in races on fractional tracks; another rule that permits no horse to ride in any race unless duly licensed by the Executive Committee; also a rule that bars out all trainers not licensed by the Executive Committee.

I see that "Pendragon" takes the same view of the recent single-act race between Edward Hanlan and Peter Kemp for the championship of the world as I do. He says: "Kemp's victory over Hanlan puts the Canadian out of court for championship honors, though it does not quite raise the Australian to the required level. Teemer, who is entitled to the distinction, if any one could claim it on Beach's retirement, has announced his intention of tackling Kemp in Australia. After these two have met, we may have a recognized champion again."

The Kemp-Clifford and Kemp-Hanlan races were very well in their way, but did not lead directly to the championship, despite the put-up job between Beach and pal. As the situation stood up to the last race, Hanlan could render Kemp's claim altogether absurd if he beat him, because Teemer is clearly superior to the Toronto ex-champion.

THE BEST SPORTING PAPER IN AMERICA.

The Hume "Chronicle," Hume, Mo., says: "We do not hesitate to state that the 'Police Gazette' is the best 'all round' sporting paper in America. Success to the champion paper."

"Kemp's defeating Hanlan merely meant accounting for a sculler who could not hold the premiership of his own country. Without wishing to underrate Peter Kemp, I cannot forget his shows on the Thames, nor the vast difference between Hanlan the undefeated champion and Hanlan as he has been since Beach first took him down. Hanlan has done almost as well out of defeat as he used while all-conquering, and this ability to make a good thing by losing does not improve the morality of boat racing. Kemp may be the wondrous flyer represented, and this race all fair and square, but, judging by what is known on this side, I should not be surprised to hear that once more Hanlan's little store has been substantially increased by means of a reverse."

"I did not like the fact that he was favorite being so industriously advertised to England as a matter of great importance, while at the same time commissions to back Kemp were wired all the way from Australia to operators in the London market. One is apt to be too suspicious, I will admit, but boat racing is played very low down now."

J. H. McCormick, "Macon," in the New York Sun, continues to scorch John L. Sullivan to make up for his past out-of-line screeds about the alleged champion of champions, which proves the old adage, "It is never too late to mend." In the N. Y. Sun, May 27, "Macon" says, in reference to McCaffrey and Sullivan arranging a boxing show: "Time was when such a proposition would be snatched up by Sullivan as a hungry trout would snatch up an attractive fly, but times change, and so do even champions of champions. Sullivan's name is no longer the tower of strength that it once was, and, though circus agents have great talent for advertising their attractions, the talented provocator will have great difficulty in making people believe that John is the static monarch of all he surveys while he lets such jobs as this slip through his fingers."

The following is the report of the intercollegiate games in which Harvard College won the championship. No records were broken; the rain and bad condition of the tracks were too terribly demoralizing. Probably the colleges whose representatives participated cared little for record-breaking anyway. They were chiefly interested in breaking one another. In this process Yale and Harvard bore the principal parts, and Harvard succeeded in abasing the self with Yale in a way that made Harvard's sons jubilant and Yale's sons weep. Out of fifteen track and field events Harvard secured the first place in seven, the second place in six, and the third place in five. Yale's showing was good, but not good enough—she had five firsts, two seconds and four thirds. Columbia College was third, but only got one first place and two seconds.

The bitterest pill Yale had to swallow was the defeat by Harvard in the final tug of war. In the trials Harvard had beaten Princeton and Columbia, and Yale had pulled away with Swathmore. Then the Harvard and Yale teams met for the final. It was nip and tuck, but Harvard won by three-quarters of an inch.

In the one-hundred-yard race E. B. Bodley, of Harvard, took the first heat without much exertion, C. H. Sherrill, of Yale, the second, and E. C. Moen, of Harvard, the third. Sherrill captured the final in 10 3-5 seconds.

In the final heat of the two-mile bicycle race there was an exciting tussle between E. H. Davis, of Harvard; W. W. Ware, of Yale, and C. B. Keen, from the University of Pennsylvania. Davis won in 7 minutes 3 seconds.

In the one-mile run there were six starters. Harman, who made the inter-collegiate record last year of 4 minutes 38 4-5 seconds, set the pace, and won after a hard struggle in 4:37 4-5, with Davenport, of Harvard, second, and Lane, of Yale, third.

The final heat of the quarter-mile dash was also lively. Dohm, of Princeton, led until within one hundred yards of the string, when T. G. Wells, of Harvard, and E. M. Banks, Jr., of Columbia passed him, Wells winning in 53 3-5 seconds, with Banks second and Dohm third.

One of the surprises of the day was the defeat of W. B. Page, champion high jumper, with a record made last year of 5 feet 4 inches. Page was not in good form or else wanted to be beaten, and failed to clear the bar at 5 feet 11 1-2 inches, which T. D. Webster, of the medical school of the University of Pennsylvania, got over successfully. It was said that Page had been coaching Webster and wanted the latter to win the day.

The 120 yard hurdle race was won by Herbert Mapes of Columbia by most clever jumping in 17 1-5 seconds. H. L. Williams of Yale was second.

The following were the other events and the winners: One mile walk—E. C. Wright, Harvard, 8 7/10 minutes 20 seconds; second, O. Chamberlain, U. Pa.; third, J. M. Mitchell, U. Pa. Half mile run—H. R. Miles, Harvard, 2 minutes, 1 1-5 seconds; second, G. P. Cogswell, Harvard; third, W. C. Downs, Harvard. 200 yards hurdle race—G. S. Mandell, Harvard, 28 4-5 seconds; second Herbert Mapes, Columbia, 30 2/5 yards dash—C. H. Sherrill, Yale, 22 3-5 seconds; second, F. B. Lund, Harvard; third, F. W. Robinson, Yale. Throwing the hammer—A. J. Bowser, U. Pa., 85 feet 6 1/2 inches; second, H. B. Gibson, Harvard, 87 feet 10 inches; third, G. W. Woodruff, Yale, 81 feet 4 inches. Pole vault—F. G. Shearman, Yale, 9 feet 5 inches; second, S. D. Warriner, Amherst, 9 feet. Running broad jump—T. G. Shearman, Yale, 30 feet 5 inches; second, H. B. Gibson, Harvard, 30 feet 10 inches; third, Victor Mapes, Columbia, 30 feet. Putting the shot—H. Pennypacker, Harvard, 37 feet; second, G. W. Woodruff, Yale, 35 feet 3 inches; third, A. J. Bowser, U. Pa., 34 feet 7 inches.

Major John Burke, of Buffalo Bill's Wild West, was in England when Kilrain and Smith were matched and he was a Kilrain man out and out, and wore his colors and bet his money like a lord. When the fight was over he was enthusiastic. "Now you've seen what an American can do," he said to a lot of English friends in the Savage Club one night, referring to Kilrain, after the Sullivan-Mitchell match was on, "but," he continued, "after Sullivan meets Mitchell there will be no further prize fighting in this country. It will be just one round and then bloody murder. Mitchell will be carried off on a stretcher, and you fellows will all be wondering that you didn't see how it would be yourselves. Well, they met," said John, "and I couldn't believe the news. I hid myself for two days. I was afraid to meet the glibes and jokes of my friends. At last I took Kilrain's colors, and whenever any of my tormentors got too severe I would pull them out and shake them at them. I tell you," he added, "that Sullivan's failure to whip Mitchell was a great hindrance to Ireland's cause. Seven Englishmen out of every ten you meet are in favor of home rule for Ireland. Had Sullivan whipped Mitchell, home rule would have been granted, and Gladstone would have been restored to power."

Oh, John L. John L. I maybe this explains your failure. Harry Phillips is a Canadian, and like all Blue Noses of his kind, more Tory than the Tories of English Tories. You are certain that his loyalty to 'er Majesty, the Queen, did not get the best of his fidelity to you and cause him to let you fight when clouds must have admonished him that the marrow-chilling rain was in the air? I pause for a reply.

In an article in reference to the ex-champion Sullivan, the N. Y. Journal, May 29, styles the great bluffer "a circus freak," and "the champion masquerader."

John L. Sullivan, while in New York a few days ago, in an interview, said: "I am in the circus business for the next six months anyway, and I shall, of course, keep straight. I am a partner with Doris, and we expect to make money."

"How about the Kilrain or any other challenges?" "I shan't do anything in that line until I am out of business again. Everything will stay exactly as it is now," and saying "Good-by," he jumped into a cab to be driven to Delmonico's, where he was to lunch with some friends.

The Des Moines "Sporting Herald" says: "Sullivan's place may be filled in Boston after all, as fully four hundred Harvard students are boxing regularly, and some are very happy with their fists."

WHIP AND SPUR

The Bard's Remarkable Achievement in the Race for the Brooklyn Cup.

AN EQUINE WONDER.

The best three-year-old so far is the Emperor of Norfolk.

E. H. Garrison won his first mount at the American Jockey Club on May 29.

McCormick's Fire Fly paid \$288 for \$5 at Jerome Park race meeting, May 29.

Sir Dixon, Dwyer Bros.' \$20,000 horse, was easily beaten by Favor May 29 at the Brooklyn track.

Elmout, the great race horse, will not come East. His owner is well aware that he cannot beat The Bard.

It is said that Lord Roseberry will purchase a pair of Black Hawks in Vermont and have them sent to England.

Jay-Eye-See is reported in great shape, and his owner expects to make the "Queen's" record look shaky this season.

The Dallas, Texas, Driving Club offers a guarantee of \$50,000 for horses that have not beaten 2:35 previous to April 1.

The Austrian Derby was run on May 27. Apponyi's Rajraita was first, Esterhazy's Ugod second and Festetti's Hungaria third.

The police closed all the pool rooms in Detroit recently. It is said that Gilman and Barnes dropped \$7,000 on the Kentucky Derby as a windup.

F. J. Guest refused \$15,000 for Terra Cotta on Saturday at Louisville, stating that \$20,000 was the horse's price. Gen. Hankins made the offer.

The Tobacco stakes, at 7 furlongs, at Latonia, Ky., on May 30, was won by Glenhall, 112, with Roi d'Or, 93, second, and Hector, 101, third. Time, 1:28 1/2.

Oregon cost the Dwyers \$1,000 last fall as a yearling, and last week he landed the Expectation and Hudson stakes, worth \$2,500 and \$2,500 respectively.

Mikado will be campaigned by Budd Doble this season. He got a record of 2:30 1/4 in a first heat last season at Cleveland, and then went lame and was laid up.

A stallion known as the "man eater" was lately killed in Nebraska. He had a record of five men killed in four years, the last one being his owner. After the last fatality the neighbors shot the brute.

George W. Farrier, of Minneapolis, offers to match his horse, General Hancock, 2:24 1/2, against L. Staple's Zip, 2:35, for \$5,000, and his pacer, Bessie Moore, 2:24 1/2, against Mike Wilkes, 2:15 1/2, for \$1,000 a side. He also wants a match of \$500 a side for his gelding, Bob M., 2:37.

At the St. Louis Jockey Club meeting, May 30, the Carriage Builders' handicap, at a mile and an eighth, was won by Huntress, 97, with Barrister, 90, second, and Boaz, 110 third. Time, 1:06 1/4. The Ellwood Percheron stakes, at a mile and a quarter, was won by Terra Cotta, 118, with Daruna, 113, second, and Wary, 112, third. Time, 2:10 1/2.

The race for the Prix du Jockey club (French Derby) about one mile and a half, was run at Chantilly, France, May 27. The starters and their jockeys were as follows: Stuart, ridden by Lane; Saint Gall, by Bridgeland; Galar, by Storr; Reyzeulo, by Hopkins; Dauphin, by Dodge; Saint Leon, by Rofe; Walter Scott, by Madge; La Flaudrie, by Ashman; Sapajou, by Harkey; Wolf, by Carney; Jendil, by Bartholomew, and Carlo, by Hunter. Stuart, the favorite, won, Saint Gall second and Galar third. Time, 2:39.

The great race for the Latonia Derby resulted in a most spirited contest. White and Los Angeles ran a dead heat for the prize, which was run off, the latter being victorious. Summary: Latonia Derby; \$100 each, half forfeit, or \$20 if declared on or before April 15, 1888, with \$2,000 added, of which \$400 to second and \$100 to third horse; for three-year-olds; one mile and a half. Value to winner, \$4,300.

Santa Anita Stable's ch. f. Los Angeles, by Gleneg—La Polka, 110 lbs. (Armstrong); Santa Anita Stable's ch. f. White, 112 lbs. (Barney); #2 Melbourne Stable's ch. c. Gallifort, 121 lbs. (Moore); #3 H. F. Oats b. c. Castaway, 115 lbs. (Cooper), and S. J. Clay's br. c. The Chevalier, 121 lbs. (Lewis), ran unplaced. Time—2:30 1/2, 2:39 1/4.

Dead heat.

The St. Louis Derby of 1888 was won by J. B. Haggin's brown colt Falcon. This is the second time Mr. Haggin has won this race, as he captured it in 1886, with Ben All.

St. Louis Fair Derby, for three-year-olds; \$50 entrance, half forfeit, or \$10 if declared, with \$2,500 added, of which \$500 to second and \$200 to third; one and a half miles; value to winner, \$3,400.

J. B. Haggin's br. c. Falcon, by Falsetto—Mollie Wood, 118 pounds; #2 E. Corriggan's b. c. J. B. Clay, by Longfellow—Anna Boylen, 118 pounds; #3 Melbourne Stable's ch. c. Alexandria, by Falsetto—Patri-mony, 118 pounds; #4 Long Roll, 118 pounds; Withers, Ed. Mack, 118 pounds; Talal; Col. Hunt, 118 pounds; Schoolcraft, ran unplaced as named.

The great turf event, the race for the Brooklyn Cup, was run on May 26 at the Brooklyn Jockey Club course at Gravesend, L. I. The Bard won easily, proving himself to be an equine wonder. Summary: The Brooklyn Cup, for three-year-olds and upwards; \$100 each, half forfeit, or \$20 if declared, with \$2,000 added, of which \$500 to second and \$200 to third; one mile and a half.

A. J. Casasatt's b. h. The Bard, 5, by Longfellow—Bradamante, 123 lbs. (Hayward); Santa Anita Stable's b. h. Volante, 6, by Grinstead—Sister Anne, 124 lbs. (I. Murphy); #2 Dwyer Bros.' ch. c. Hanover, 4, by Hindoo—Bourbon Belle, 118 lbs. (J. McLaughlin); #3 Fenelon, 118 lbs. 4, (Martini), ran unplaced. Time—2:42 1/4.

Auction Pools—The Bard, \$35; Hanover, \$21; the field, \$11. Book Betting—4 to 5 The Bard, no place; 8 to 5 Hanover, 1 to 3 place; 8 to 1 Volante, 5 to 1 place; 12 to 1 Fenelon, 4 to 1 place.

The 109th English Derby was run on Epsom Downs on May 30. The starters for the Derby numbered nine in all, two less than last year and the same as in 1886, when Ormonds won. Their names and the betting are as follows: 6 to 2 on Ayshire, 5 to 1 against Orbit, 6 to 1 on Crowberry, 7 to 1 on Galore, 20 to 1 on Van Dieman's Land, 40 to 1 on Nether Avon, 100 to 1 on each Chilling-ton and Simon Pure, and 250 to 1 on Gandy. Chilling-ton delayed the start for 42 minutes, running away four times, twice galloping to the top of the hill, the third time to the mile post and the fourth to the 5-furlong post. Finally the flag was dropped at 3:42 P. M., when Gandy began his task of forcing the pace for Crowberry, and he held the lead for 5 furlongs, when Van Dieman's Land took up the running, followed around Tattenham Corner by Gandy, Orbit, Ayshire, Galore and Crowberry. As soon as they were straight Ayshire headed Orbit, who was soon afterwards a beaten horse. Galore soon moved up second, and for a short distance looked like winning. Ayshire, however, responded to Barrett's call and coming on won by two lengths, with Crowberry second, four in front of Van Dieman's Land, with Galore fourth and Gandy last. Time—2:43, the same as last year by Merry Hampton, and the same as by Blair Athol and Kettledrum, there being no record of faster time. The course was in excellent condition, owing to several heavy showers.

THE BEST SPORTING PAPER IN AMERICA.

The Hume "Chronicle," Hume, Mo., says: "We do not hesitate to state that the 'Police Gazette' is the best 'all round' sporting paper in America. Success to the champion paper."

The attendance was large, and included, among other notabilities, the Prince and Princess of Wales. Conditions: The 10th running of the Derby stakes for three-year-olds, at £50 each, half forfeit, the owner of second to receive £300 and the third £150 out of the stakes; colts to carry 126 pounds, fillies 121 pounds; closed July 13, 1886, with 168 subs; about a mile and a half.

Duke of Portland's b. c. Ayshire, by Hampton, dam Atalanta, 126 pounds, (Barrett); Mr. Vyner's ch. c. Crowberry, by Roseberry, dam Lizzie Lind-say, 126, (J. Osborne); Mr. Rose's ch. c. Van Dieman's Land, by Robert the Devil, dam Distant Shore, 126, (Watts); Mr. Warblington's Galore (Webb), Duke of Westminster's Orbit (T. Cannon), Mr. J. N. Astley's Nether Avon (Robinson), Lord Bradford's Chilling-ton (Loates), Mr. R. H. Combe's Simon Pure (Rickard), and Mr. Vyner's Gandy (Elliott), also ran.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

[No attention will be paid to questions unless they are accompanied by the full name and address of the sender.]

S. J. M., Boston.—A wins.

J. B. S., Cohoes, N. Y.—No.

T. S., Augusta, Me.—B loses.

M. J., Rochester, N. Y.—Sixes win.

G. V. S., Baltimore.—Chas. L. Davis.

OLD SPORT, Fort McDermitt, Nev.—No.

W. M., Newburgh, N. Y.—A loses; B wins.

R. A., Ansonia.—Five feet 10 1/2 inches high is correct.

CONSTANT READER, Fall River, Mass.—Abraham S. Hewitt.

H. D., Cincinnati.—1. You lose. 2. You cannot build off the table.

J. Q. B.—1. Maud S. is owned by Robert Bonner. 2. W. H. Vanderbilt.

D. W., Pottsville, Pa.—A and B throw off the tie for first and second prize.

A. G. B., New York City.—We have not George Petty's (the pedestrian) address.

D. W., Baltimore, Md.—1. John Hughes' record is 648 miles.

2. No. 3, Dan O'Leary.

S. W., Olean, N. Y.—1. John Wesley Cozad is dead. 2. No. Henry Crandall, of Niles, Mich.

W. D. M., Portsmouth, N. H.—George W. Atkinson, of the Sporting Life, London, Eng., was the referee in the Smith and Kilrain international prize fight.

B. B., Grand Rapids.—1. Kilrain and Smith fought for \$5,000 a side. 2. After Kilrain and Smith agreed to make the fight a draw the stakes were drawn, and returned by the stakeholder. Smith's backers gave him, it is said, the money they posted after they had agreed to a draw.

M. J. S., Baltimore.—1. No. 2. George Littlewood was ahead of the record at 571 miles in 129 hours 31 minutes 30 seconds, then alternated with Hazael's "best" to 579 miles, when he took up record again, his time for this distance being 131 hours 54 minutes, but he beat all records from 579 to 597 miles (time, 128 hours 5 minutes 30 seconds).

S. W., Harrisburg, Pa.—Ayshire was bred by his owner, the Duke of Portland, and as a two-year-old won five out of his seven efforts. He began by a defeat for the Whitcomb Plate at Manchester and for the New stakes at Ascot. He then in turn won the Home Bred Foal stakes of the Blenheim Club at Sturbridge, the Royal Plate at Windsor, the Chesterfield stakes at the Newmarket July meeting, the Prince of Wales' stakes at Goodwood, and the Champagne stakes at Doncaster, the equibred value of which amounted to £6,565.17. As a three-year-old he began by winning the Riddlesworth stakes at the Craven meeting, which he followed by winning the 2,000 guineas at the First Spring meeting at Newmarket.

Ayshire's more important engagements include the Prince of Wales, St. James Palace and Hardwick stakes at Ascot, the Midland Derby at Leicester, the Doncaster St. Leger and the Lancashire Plate of £11,000 at Manchester, with several valuable engagements for 1888.

J. S., Baltimore.—Dave Burke, who is a brother of the well-known Jack Burke, has been before the public about four years. He commenced his career as a boxer by winning a competition in Lambeth, England, after which he had a long run of uninterrupted success in competitions all over London, England, and on December 1, 1885, he defeated Bill Hook of Billingsgate in a 15-round contest at the West End School of Arms, and in 1886 beat Ben Soth at Lambeth under similar conditions, and followed this up by winning Tom Symonds' light-weight competition, wherein he defeated the East-End phenomenon, Sam Baxter, in the final. Early in 1887 he won a competition at the Royal Aquarium theatre, Westminster, open to all comers at 8 stone 10 pounds, or 122 pounds, and in the beginning of March met W. (Dido) Hopwood in the old style, the battle, after lasting nearly an hour, terminating in a draw, which resulted in the pair having to interview one of Her Majesty's judges and retire into seclusion for a short time. He was defeated by W. Reader at the Lambeth School of Arms on December 1, 1887. Burke was 30 years of age on Feb. 15, 1888. He stands 5 feet 4 inches in height. On May 15, 1888, Burke fought Sam Reader at London. Ten rounds were fought and the ring was broken up, the referee leaving the same.

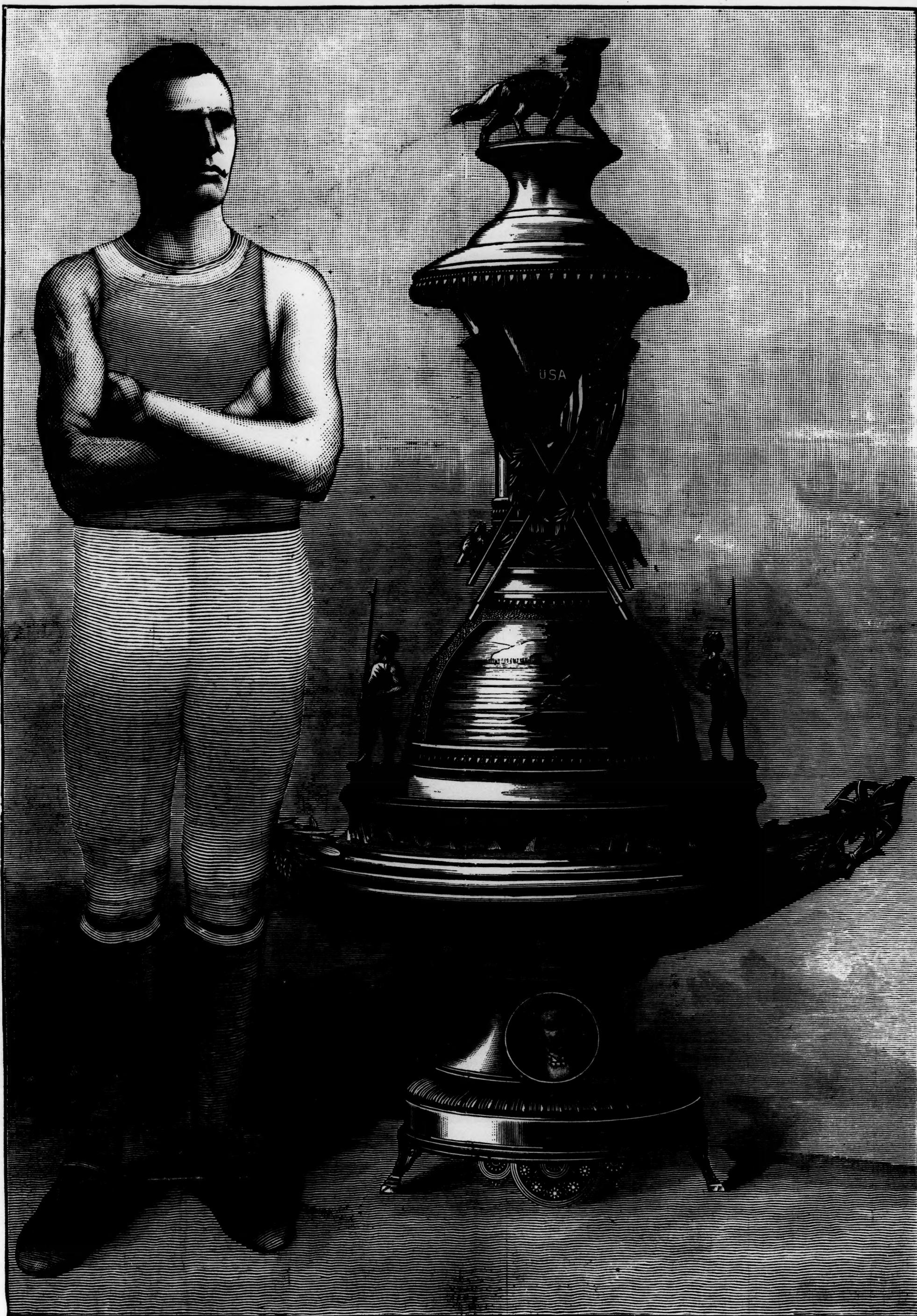
D. J. AND M. B., Omaha, Neb.—1. Ben Hogan's (the pugilist's) proper name is Benedel Hogan. 2. He was Benedel Hogan, better known as Ben Hogan, the converted pugilist, who figured in the prize ring for the championship of America. 3. He was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, in 1844. He came to this country in 1862. 4. He stands 5 feet 11 inches in height, and weighs 190 pounds. Hogan's first battle in the prize ring was with Jack Holliday for \$400. The fight is not on record, but Hogan, it is said, won in 7 rounds, fought in 13 minutes. Hogan then whipped Bob Donnelly, another pugilist unknown to fame, in 35 rounds, lasting 2 hours and 4 minutes. The battle was fought at Fort Erie, Canada. Hogan was then matched to fight Charles Collins, better known as Cast Iron Collins, who was defeated by George Rooke, of Providence, R. I., at Fisher Island, in 1867, but was declared the winner on an alleged foul. The Hogan and Collins match ended in a fizzle. Hogan, on a visit to New York, met Billy Edwards in a glove contest at 600 Broadway, but the heavy-weight was no match for the light-weight champion, and Edwards decidedly had the best of the bout.

Hogan, in his contest with Edwards, gained several lessons in boxing, and he decided to fight the best man in America. On a trip to Rochester, N. Y., he appeared in a sparring exhibition and donned the gloves with Tom Allen. Hogan had the best of the bout, it is said, and Charley Perkins offered to match him to fight Tom Allen, posting a forfeit. The proposed match was not, however, arranged. Hogan then went to the oil regions in Pennsylvania and made a fortune. He was eager to gain fame in the prize ring, and made a match to fight Tom Allen for the championship and \$2,000. The steamer Continental was to carry the pugilists to the battle ground, but the steamer drifted across the Mississippi to East St. Louis, and both pugilists were arrested and put under bonds not to fight in Illinois. A fresh match was made, and the pugilists agreed to fight in Omaha. A ring was pitched near Council Bluffs, and both pugilists met to fight for \$2,000 and the championship. Jack Sweeney and Sherman Thurston seconded Hogan, and Arthur Chambers and a friend seconded Allen. Dan Ryan was referee. Only one solitary horse stood within miles of the battle-ground. Only three rounds were fought, when Hogan claimed Allen had struck a foul blow, and the fight was broken up by the crowd, who drew knives and revolvers. Allen would have won the fight if he had not already won it, had the referee enforced the rules. Egan, of St. Louis, returned both pugilists their money and the fight ended in a draw. Hogan then came on to New York and was converted, and went forth calling sinners to repentance. Hogan was a strong, muscular specimen of humanity, an expert trainer and boxer, but under no circumstances was he a match for such pugilists as Allen, Mace, etc. He is very popular and has many friends, but when he aspired to the championship he overrated his abilities.

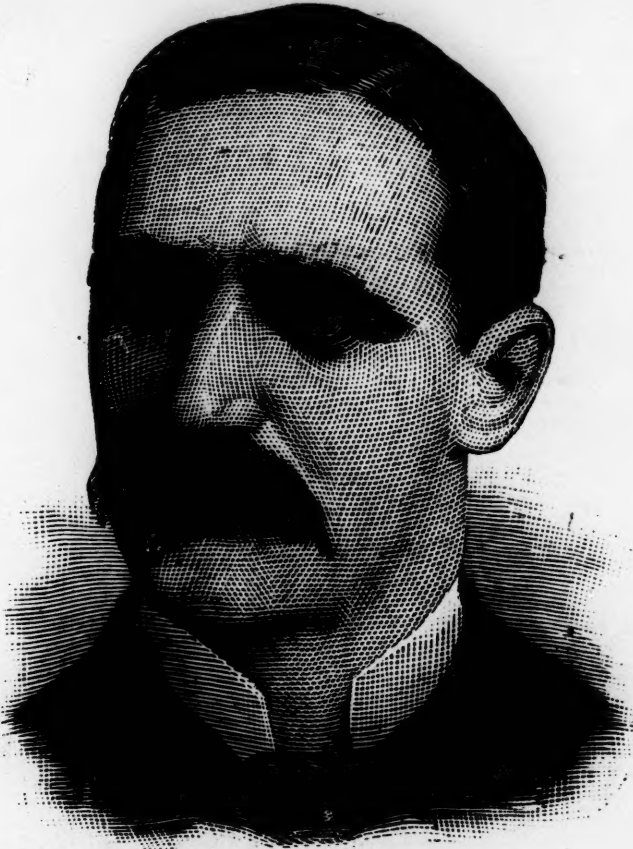
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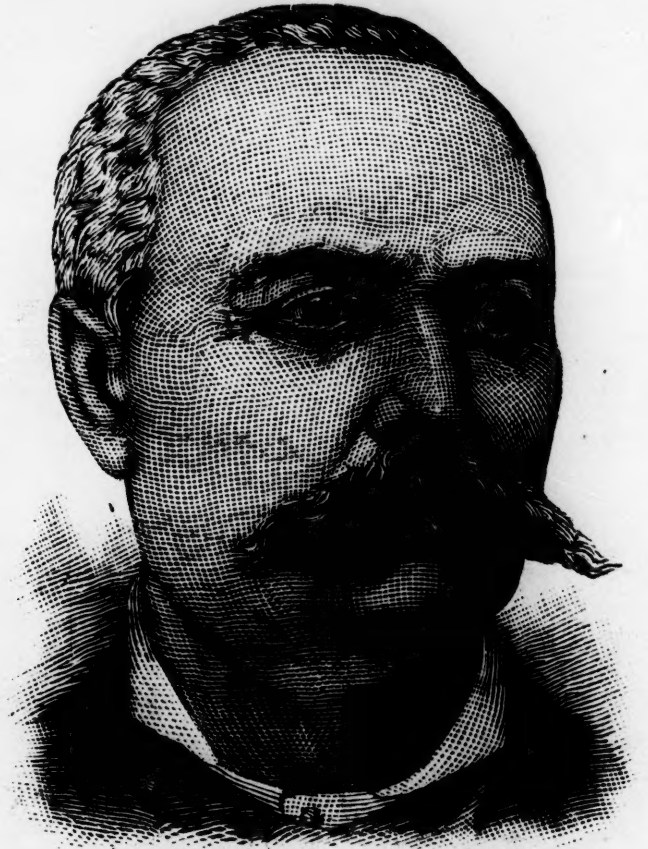
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ING AT JEROME PARK.



MURDER WILL OUT.
A TRAIL OF BLOOD LEADS TO THE FINDING OF HENRY E. WHITEHOUSE'S MUTI-
LATED BODY AT PORTSMOUTH, N. H.



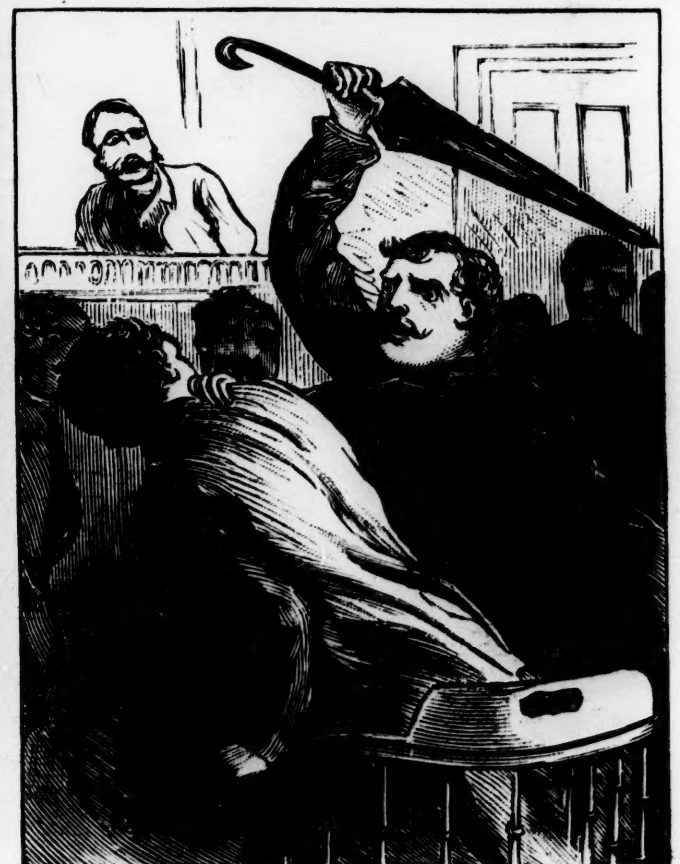
JIM.
DICK TONER'S LITTLE DANDY, A PURE WHITE BULL TERRIER, FAMOUS FIGHTER
AND RATTER, WEIGHT TEN POUNDS.



THE COP WENT FOR HIM.
AN ELIZABETH, N. J., EDITOR WHOM A POLICEMAN WENT FOR
WITH BLOOD IN HIS EYE.



TACKLED THE WRONG MAN.
A TAX COLLECTOR KILLS A HIGHWAYMAN NEAR NOGALES,
ARIZ., AND PUTS ANOTHER TO FLIGHT.



THEY FIGHT IN OPEN COURT.
THE ALLEGED ENCOUNTER WHICH TOOK PLACE BETWEEN TWO
ATTORNEYS OF THE LEXINGTON, KY., BAR.

CLEVER HAYWARD.

The Famous Rider of The Bard,
Winner of the Brooklyn Handicap.



William Hayward.

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[We will be obliged to our numerous correspondents throughout the country if they will send us the portraits of prominent jockeys, amateur athletes, or owners of well-known trotting horses for publication in this column.]

MURDERED IN COLD BLOOD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A dispatch from Virroqua, Wis., May 25, says: Reuben Drake, his wife and two grandchildren, residing near Virroqua, Wis., on Friday were butchered. The murder rivals in atrocity the Antone Probst assassination.

KILLS HIS DISOBEDIENT WIFE.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A desire by Mrs. Wilman, of St. Charles, Mich., some time ago to unite with the Adventist church met with strong opposition from her husband, and she finally left him and returned to her father's house. Wilman drove up to the house and shot Mrs. Wilman as she appeared on the piazza to greet him.

TACKLED THE WRONG MAN.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

A desperate attempt was made by highwaymen on Saturday to kill a tax collector near Nogales, Ariz. While he was passing along the road two robbers fired upon him and a servant from ambush. After the first fire the robbers, thinking the shots had taken effect attempted to rush upon the collector, but he opened fire with a Winchester rifle, killing one of them. The other robber fled.

FUN OVER THE JIMJAMS.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Wm. Leedy, of Harrisburg, Pa., who was once a well known and respected citizen of that place, and Police-man Brownwell had a lively little tussle a few days ago, in which both tumbled into the gutter. Leedy, it is said, who is a confirmed victim of drink, had an attack of jimjams at the time, and the officer went to arrest him with the above result.

BRAINED THE SHERIFF.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Three prisoners in the Monticello (Ind.) jail—Ed Chamberlain, Albert Benson, and Robert Catterson—assaulted Sheriff Joseph Henderson and escaped last Friday night. The sheriff went into the corridor to lock the prisoners in cells, when Chamberlain brained him with an iron bar, and all three men rushed into the jail office, smashed a window, and jumped to the ground.

RESCUED IN THE NICK OF TIME.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

While Nathaniel W. Bishop of Bridgeport, Conn., was out for a sail on the Sound in a light shell, on Sunday afternoon, he encountered a cross sea, which must have developed rapidly. The waves struck the shell, upsetting it and throwing Mr. Bishop into the water. He shouted and was heard by Lighthouse Keeper McNeil, who, at great risk to himself, rowed to the scene and succeeded in pulling Mr. Bishop, much exhausted, into the boat.

SWARMED ON HIS HEAD.

[SUBJECT OF ILLUSTRATION.]

Mr. George Hamill, a young farmer residing near Xenia, O., met with a fearful experience on Tuesday with a swarm of bees. They lodged in a tree. While attempting to give them the pesky varmints settled on Mr. Hamill's head, face and neck and began to sting him in the breast, face and on his hands. In a short time he was on the ground writhing in terrible agony, when his wife and mother came to his aid with brooms, or he would have been killed.

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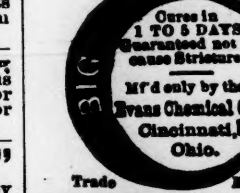
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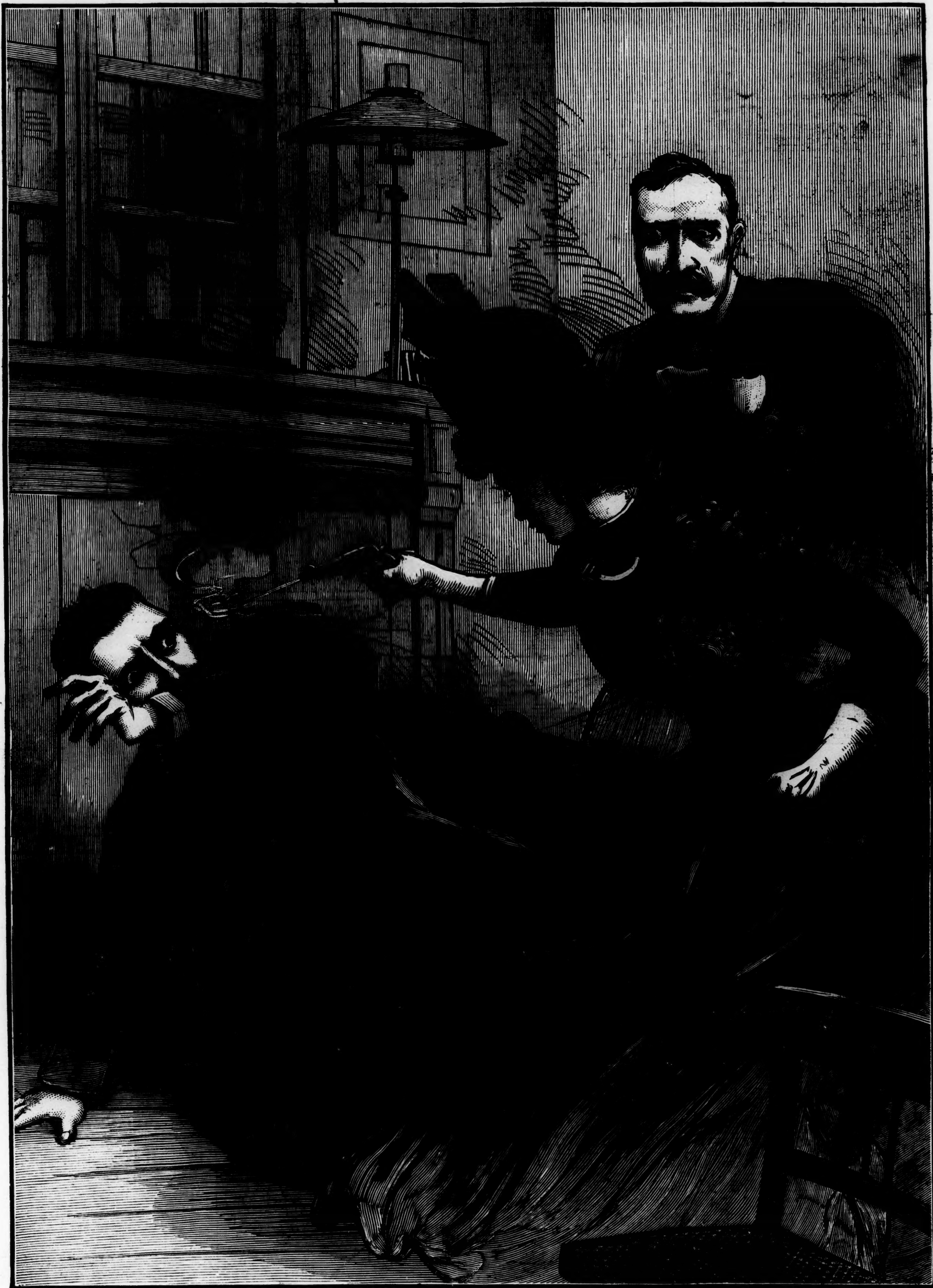
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